

VOLUME IV

# Quadrant

An Australian Quarterly Review

NUMBER 4

Edited by James McAuley

EDITORIAL ADVISORS: Joseph Burke, C. Manning Clark, Roger Covell, Rosemary Dobson, Sir John Eccles, A. D. Hope, A. N. Jeffares, Alec King, Leonie Kramer, Wesley Milgate, O. Rapoport

16 SPRING  
1960

*Vincent Buckley* 3 Cultural Freedom and Church Schools

*J. L. Mackie* 10 Dogmatism and Understanding

*Gwen Harwood* 17 Alter Ego

*Elwyn Lynn* 19 Communication and the Non-figurative

*J. R. Kerr* 27 The Struggle Against Communism  
in the Trade Unions

*Desmond O'Grady* 41 Old Buffers

*Angus Maude* 53 Why is Waffle?

*Bernard Yoh* 59 Report on Communes in Red China

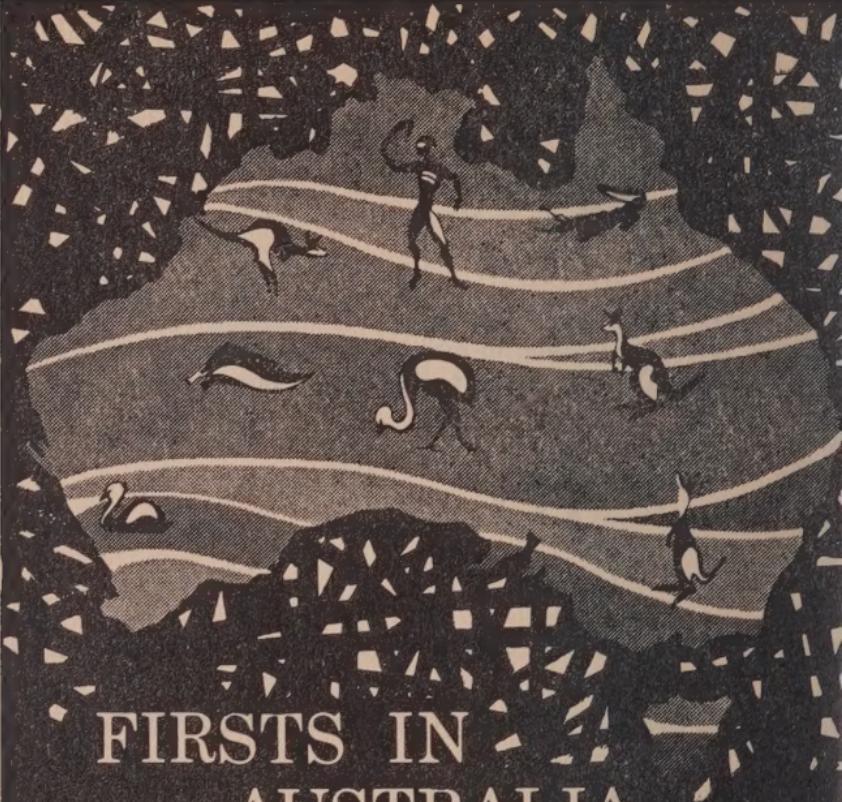
*Albrecht Haushofer* 64 Moabit Sonnets

*Arnold S. Kaufman* 67 Must Morality be 'True'?

*Leslie Bodi* 75 Marx, Engels and the Poets

79 Reviews

Annual subscription 20s., post free. Subscriptions may be addressed to:  
QUADRANT, Box 4714, Sydney, N.S.W.



# FIRSTS IN AUSTRALIA

FIRST in Australia to introduce an additive to petrol . . . Atlantic Union Oil Company introduced tetra ethyl lead to combat pre-ignition.

FIRST in Australia to introduce a colouring agent to petrol . . . has been used for positive identification by Government, Army etc. ever since.

FIRST in Australia to introduce premium grade motor spirit . . . Atlantic Union Oil Company did this to allow maximum performance from modern high compression engines.

Atlantic is proud to be associated with the development of Australia in the interests of all Australians . . . happy to say



FIRST FOR *Happy Motoring*

# RELIGION AND SCHOOLS—TWO VIEWS

## I

### CULTURAL FREEDOM AND CHURCH SCHOOLS

*Vincent Buckley*

THE treatment of denominational schools in Australia is an obvious issue of cultural freedom and not just a matter for academic speculation. 'The traditional policy of this country', says Professor H.W.Arndt, 'of permitting the Catholics to run their own schools provided they find the finance themselves, seems to me an illogical but sensible compromise.' It may enable a musing liberal-secularist to reach a compromise with his own momentary doubts; but it still leaves a large body of people in the position of second-class citizens. Most of them are Catholics, and most of the burden on Catholics comes from our maintenance of a system of non-fees-paying primary schools. No grant of any kind is made by any Australian government to help in the maintenance of these schools, although all Australian tax-payers are taxed for educational purposes. This is an affront to the Catholic conscience and an oblique denial of parental rights; hence it is a matter which people concerned to promote cultural freedom should be concerned with.

Many of the more articulate Australian Catholics have lately been preoccupied with the role of Catholicism in a pluralist society; and liberal-secularists should be interested to note that we have been more preoccupied with Catholic duties than with Catholic rights. The education issue suggests that we should begin once more to emphasize our rights; for a pluralist society is defined by the way in which it guarantees the rights of minorities as well as by the way in which it exacts their agreement to certain common values. We are interested in strengthening the pluralist nature of Australian society, and we are more than willing to modify Catholic cultural habits to achieve this greater freedom for all. But it takes more than one group to make this sort of bargain; and I hope my fellow-Catholics won't be too disillusioned when they discover that many of the secularists with whom we cheerfully live understand and appreciate pluralism less well than they do. Such is life. That statistical fiction, 'the majority', is apt to mean something different by 'pluralism'

from what a minority means by it—particularly a minority demanding its rights. But it is important for both individual rights and social health (the order expresses the priorities) that the two senses of it shouldn't diverge too much; if they do, difference in emphasis becomes a communal injustice.

This is precisely what has happened in the area usually (and inadequately) described as the issue of 'State aid to Church Schools'. After every Press controversy on this issue (there was recently a heart-breaking month of it in the *Melbourne Age*) many Catholics must feel, as I do, a sense of desperation at the unlikelihood of their opponents ever coming to understand what is entailed by the social values by which we all claim to live.

Such newspaper exchanges force us to see the extent to which our opponents fail to realize not only the nature of our argument but also certain relevant facts about the situation the argument deal with. First, there is a failure to see how unusual the Australian position is. Australia is one of the very few countries which are pluralist in ethos and structure yet adamant in the refusal to recognize the rights of Church Schools. If that failure were properly appreciated there would be an end to the attitude of self-righteousness which seems often to accompany the secularist position. There is nothing *prima facie* eccentric about claims that have been recognized in Scotland, Holland and England. On the contrary, the *prima facie* assumption is that there is a case for secularists to answer; but few of them make more than the most cursory gestures towards answering it.

Second, there is a failure to see that what is involved is a claim to the possession of certain rights, not to the holding of certain preferences. It is obvious that Catholic parents 'prefer' a certain kind of education for their children; but it is misleading and unfair to demand of them that they justify their preference in the public forum. To make that demand is to enclose the whole conscience in inverted commas, as one contributor to the *Age* discussion actually did. And the force of the reference frequently made by Catholics to the UN Declaration of Human Rights—a reference which, I admit, quickly grows tiresome—comes from the association of our demands with the notion of *rights*: rights recognized in a document which purports to lay down a minimum entitlement for all men living in the contemporary world.

Third, there is a failure to see that it is not a class issue. The case of primary schools conducted under the jurisdiction of the Church is surely clearer than that of the 'public schools'. The network of Catholic primary schools throughout Australia gives

an education to three hundred thousand children, most of them from the working class and the lower middle class. A growing proportion of them is in new housing areas where there are few Catholic secondary schools, so there is a growing tendency for children to graduate from them into the State high schools. Hardly a sign of snobbery.

Fourth, there is a failure to question the assumption that education is a social service like any other. It is this blindness that is at the root of the statement so often echoed by controversialists: 'The elected representatives of the taxpayers offer all children an education decided on in the most democratic way. If you aren't willing to take advantage of it, you must make other arrangements, but you mustn't expect the taxpayer to pay for them.' This remark altogether misses the fact that education is compulsory, and that tax-payers who find the State's arrangements inadequate have no choice about providing an alternative; they are fined if they don't, and they will go on being fined as often as the truancy inspectors can get to them. The fact of compulsion by itself would indicate the fallacy in the 'social service' position: what other social services are we compelled by law to 'take advantage of'? But our own experience of education also shows that it is not a social service like any other; to treat it as such is to debase it.

All of these misunderstandings, it seems to me, have to be disposed of before we can start even defining the main issues. An argument which keeps returning to these as its basic contentions is doomed to absurdity.

The usual secularist arguments can be reduced to two: that education is an instrument of State policy, so that any break through the pattern fixed by the State is a matter of privilege, not of right; and that all education by authorities other than the State is socially divisive.

Many Catholics are aware of the ways in which the existence of two separate primary-school systems cuts us off from our fellow-Australians; and they regret it. But it is worth asking whether there would be so much sense of separation if there were not two systems but six. It is worth asking, too, precisely what does the dividing, and how deep the division goes.

It depends, of course, on what is meant by 'divisiveness'. If what is meant is the recognition and accidental promotion of difference, distinctiveness, then we are standing up for a prime value of pluralism when we say that this is not necessarily a bad thing. Every club, every church, every ethnic association, every home promotes divisiveness in that sense; the freedom to

do it is the mark of a pluralist society; the only way to avoid it is to boil all citizens down to one coagulated mass; the opposition to it is at the root of xenophobia and, particularly, of anti-Semitism. Not as a Catholic but as a man I would say that a failure to approve this kind of divisiveness is as anti-social a piece of insanity as we could possibly encounter in our nightmares.

If what is meant is the promotion of misunderstanding, ignorance and enmity, then I should say that the present injustice to Catholics is more divisive than the existence of Catholic schools. That it promotes bitterness among Catholics is inevitable; that an habituation to it promotes ignorance and a vague though deep-seated animosity among liberal-secularists is obvious from every press controversy. An end to it would not imperil, but would aid and enhance social cohesion. In all friendliness may I suggest that the apostles of social cohesiveness think about *that*.

Would it be too much to hope that the word 'divisive' may be dropped from future discussion? As it is generally used it means nothing more than 'divided', cut off. And it over-emphasizes even the separateness of the Catholic system. Catholic primary schools are not conducted on a sort of educational moon, with the use of an exclusively lunar curriculum. They use government textbooks, teach a syllabus very similar in most respects to the syllabus of the State schools, and are subject to supervision by government inspectors. The Catholic secondary schools, far from being 'class schools', run the spectrum from the public-school type to the small country school which is very similar to the small high school; they use a syllabus and a set of text books set by the Education Department to prepare their pupils for public exams set by external authorities. In no ultimate sense are they even separated, much less 'divisive'.

But I fancy we know what lies behind that infinitely suggestive word; what is behind it is the shadow of a totalitarian image of conformity, a demand for education without systematized values, and a sense that Catholic education is in itself objectionable. Certainly, the totalitarian implications are rarely evident to those who hold these attitudes; but they are there, just the same. What is always appealed to, in the last resort, is the tyranny of the majority and the use of Government regulations to enforce it.

It seems to me that there is already sufficient uniformity in the fact that parents are *compelled* to have their children educated to a certain standard in schools subject to Government

spection. A century and a half ago, that would have been regarded by most people as a very considerable degree of uniformity and a very daring use of State power to enforce it. There is something totalitarian about the desire to go further and to insist that all children should receive precisely the same education from the same educating authority. A monolithic educational system is the totalitarian's idea of an ante-room paradise. But why should it impress a liberal-secularist? Goodness knows, but it does seem to. People who are always ready to invoke Mill's great work *On Liberty* will cheerfully ignore his strongly-held views on freedom of education:

The objections which are urged with reason against State education do not apply to the enforcement of education by the State, but to the State's taking upon itself to direct that education; which is a totally different thing. That the whole or any large part of the education of the people should be in State hands, I go as far as any one in deprecating. All that has been said of the importance of individuality of character, and diversity in opinions and modes of conduct, involves, as of the same unspeakable importance, diversity of educating. A general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another: and as the mould in which it casts them is that which pleases the predominant power in the government, whether this be a monarch, a priesthood, an aristocracy, or the majority of the existing generation; in proportion as it is efficient and successful, it establishes a despotism over the mind, leading by natural tendency to one over the body.

and he says elsewhere:

One thing must be strenuously insisted on; that the government must claim no monopoly for its education, either in the lower or in the higher branches; must exert neither authority nor influence to induce the people to resort to its teachers in preference to others, and must confer no peculiar advantages on those who have been instructed by them. . . . It is not endurable that a government should, either in law or in fact, have a complete control over the education of the people. To possess such a control, and actually exert it, is to be despotic.

traditionally, liberals defended the rights of individuals and, hence, of minorities; now, at least in the matter of education, they defend the rights of the majority, which are already being amply met. And yet our world faces a threat of totalitarianism which Mill's world was not even aware of. It seems to me fantastic that people who are genuinely opposed to totalitarianism should regard as normal a monolithic conception of education, and should financially penalize those of their own fellow-citizens who don't share it.

Their attitude has a negative and a positive pole. The negative pole, which has such power to magnetize the emotions, is a sense that Catholicism is itself monolithic, and that an education in Catholic values is a training in an ethos hostile to democracy.

It is the content, not the fact, of Catholic education that is seen as 'divisive'. Tom Truman is the most recent Australian

victim of this misunderstanding, which is powerful enough in his case to colour a whole political philosophy. But the fact that the Church is hierarchical and in a sense authoritarian does not mean that she does not train free men to live in freedom; she is, in fact, anything but a monolith, and her use of government models for her curricula shows that what she offers is not a monolithic education. But the misunderstanding is reinforced by another: that since the Church requires her Australian members to send their children to her schools, they consent to do so under compulsion, and the demand for 'State aid' comes not from them but from the hierarchy. There is such a requirement, but the strongest desire for Church schools comes from the parents themselves; it is so strong that it is one of the factors militating against the acceptance of certain recommendations already made by the Catholic educational authorities.

The fact is, that the great majority of Catholic parents are eager to have a Catholic education for their children; and no one could be unmoved at the sight of parents being turned away from their own parish schools because there is no room for their children.

The positive pole is the ambiguous attraction felt by our contemporaries for State power and the uniformity which it can ensure. The characteristic myth of our age is the myth of the planned society, egalitarian, paternalistic, and above all comfortable; and a planned, State-directed education, 'neutral' as to ultimate values, is of course the key to its attainment. But you can have such an education only if you are prepared to ignore the rights of dissenting individuals; and you can do that only by holding to the pretence that the government education you offer is neutral as to ultimate values.

In a sense, of course, it is; no metaphysical doctrines are deliberately inculcated in State schools. But a Catholic parent may well hold that, since there is an ambiguity in the claim to neutrality, he objects to it on two grounds: first, that all education, whatever its professed aims, gives a world picture, suggests a set of values and provides means of interpreting experience; second, that the closer State education gets to the norm of neutrality, the less suitable he considers it for his own children. Some people, we know, make a sharp distinction between education and what they suggestively call 'indoctrination', and they argue that any educational system which 'indoctrinates' even for part of the schooling time destroys its own claim to be a genuine education. This seems to me, on the basis of experience, to be quite untrue. But, even if that were debatable,

why should Christian consciences be bound by an agnostic opinion? Very few people in fact hold a neutralist view of education; and since it is parents who have the right to make such basic decisions on behalf of their children, it is for parents to choose what shall be the relation between the values taught in the home and those implied in the school. The schooling of a child is only part of his education; and it is reasonable for a parent to demand that the education his child gets in school should be continuous with the education he gets in the home. A world picture is presented in the State schools, and it is not an objectionable one; but it is empty of certain significances, it lacks a certain dimension.

It seems to me that the very intensity of the secularist talk about 'divisiveness' is a sign of this; it implies a recognition that education has an ideological import, and a determination to see that it shall be an ideological import of a certain kind. So what begins as a point against the Catholic claims ends by becoming a point in favour of it. Education inevitably involves a training in values: the question is, who is to decide what the values are to be?

Not the State, at any rate. In such a field, the rights of governments are minimal; they are limited to protective ordinances, regulations to protect the child from the consequences of his parents' inadequacy and to protect his fellow-citizens from the social consequences of an inadequate schooling. To give the State sole rights in the formal inculcation of values, whether or not they are recognizably metaphysical ones, is the first step towards totalitarianism; to penalize dissenting parents is the first step away from pluralism and towards the granting of sole rights to the State. And it is not only Catholics who would argue that a true education promotes the kind of awareness which enables men to resist mere conformism and inordinate State activity. True education, in whatever schools it is gained, is an education against the monolith.

As I began by saying, the issue of parental rights in education is the chief issue of cultural freedom in Australia; but the stereotype of 'the Catholic' that has bedevilled Australian life for decades, and which has been revived with gusto since 1954, prevents most people from seeing that it is an issue worthy of discussion. They think we invented it; they see us not as its victims but as its fabricators: which is rather like accusing the German Jews of inventing Dr Goebbels. But it is a real issue, and one quite separate from that of the future of the Labour movement.

Vincent Buckley

*J.L. Mackie*

WE INCLUDE Religious Education in the common core by way of affirming our view that education has a spiritual basis. . . . In doing so, however, we wish to make it clear that, in the respect that Religious Education cannot be regarded as mandatory, it differs from the other subjects to be shared in common.' Thus the Wyndham Report (p. 83) lucidly states the official attitude to this question. This attitude could be expressed even more succinctly: religion both is, and is not, basic in education. This painful official compromise no doubt reflects the thinking of many people in Australia; but just for a change, instead of trying thus to cover up disagreements, let us bring them out into the open.

Some people firmly believe that education should be based upon religion: others, of whom I am one, believe just as firmly that it should not. It is in relation to our views about the place of religion in education that we must decide whether separate religious schools are necessary and whether, if they are not necessary, they should be tolerated or welcomed or supported.

The statement that education should literally be founded on religion could mean either of two things: it could mean that education should be based on some religious *belief* or *doctrine*, but that *any* belief or doctrine will do, or it could mean that education should be founded on religious *truth*. If anyone seriously holds the latter view, he must regard some religious truths as being established beyond reasonable doubt and as being so central in human knowledge and conduct that all teaching must somehow incorporate them or presuppose them. A logical consequence of this view is that, since different sects assert different fundamental 'truths', each sect should not only insist on having its own schools but should hold that schools other than its own, not being founded on the true truths, cannot offer genuine education at all.

Few people, I think, work this interpretation out to its logical conclusion. But the alternative interpretation, that religious belief and doctrine, however erroneous, are a sufficient basis for education, is also implausible. In fact to carry widespread conviction, to make really attractive the view that education should be based on religion, we need a confused mixture o

these incompatible interpretations. Neither interpretation worked out consistently on its own, will do.

If we take 'education' in a broad sense, meaning upbringing in general, then there are many possible sorts of education and several distinct parts in each: in some of these religion plays a part, in others it does not. In any concrete situation, upbringing inevitably contains different and indeed conflicting principles. But if we give 'education' a more positive sense, then I would take it to mean the development of understanding, and in *this* religion cannot take a central place. Beliefs and doctrines which are erroneous certainly could not be central in the growth of understanding; and no religious truths, if such exist at all, are well enough established or basic enough in our knowledge to occupy a central place. However, this conclusion is made clearer if we see just what place religion, or something like religion, can properly take in the growth of understanding.

Education in this sense should lead towards an understanding of the universe as a whole and of our place in it, of minds and their objects, of society and of ethics: in short, metaphysics is one possible field for understanding, and an important one. But if it is to be understanding, these matters must be studied philosophically: understanding will not be conveyed by the dogmatic teaching of any one view, and a full treatment of these topics must belong to higher education rather than to schooling.

In rejecting dogmatism I do not mean to suggest that instruction should be ruled out from education: in fact there must in many subjects be a large measure of instruction; there are many things that the pupil has simply to accept for the time being. But such instruction is corrigible: there is nothing that the pupil has to accept for ever on authority, and it is precisely this that marks off dogmatic religious instruction from educational instruction. Those who support religious instruction want their 'truths' to be accepted as beyond question, to be so inculcated that doubts, if they arise at all, will be automatically overcome—and these methods are all too successful already.

Nor do I mean to suggest that philosophical questions should be completely postponed until the university stage, or that teaching either can or should be neutral with regard to metaphysics or ethics: in fact when a teacher deals with the various sciences, with history, and with literature he is from time to time compelled to presuppose and use some world-view. But let it be his own view and let it arise naturally in what he is teaching: let him not be committed in advance to peddling some official line.

Religion can properly enter education also as an object of study: religious beliefs, religious movements, religious literature are among the things that we learn *about*. Education should not ignore religion, but being induced to *adopt* a religion is no part of education.

Even if there were religious truths, then, I should oppose what is intended by those who speak of founding education upon religion. But in fact theistic doctrines, on any simple and straightforward interpretation, are so obviously incoherent, and so obviously at variance with the facts that we learn in several fields, that the attempt to incorporate them in education can be made only at the expense of understanding. Religious teaching in practice is itself irrational and is a general encouragement to irrationalism.

It is sometimes said that moral education requires a religious basis. Moral education is too big a question to discuss here, but let me sum up the position by saying bluntly that a consistent attempt to base morality upon religion merely corrupts morality: it reduces morality either to servility or to counsels of prudence.

Taking, as I do, then, the view that what is central in education is the development of understanding, one is forced to these conclusions: first, that religious schools are not necessary, that if education is secular it is not on that account deficient in any way; and secondly, that the more successful the religious schools are in what they profess to do, that is, in making religion central in their teaching, the worse, educationally, they will be.

Taking these principles for granted, how should we look upon existing religious schools in Australia? We must draw some distinction between Protestant and Catholic church schools. The Protestant church schools fulfil a function that is not primarily religious. They meet a demand for boarding schools and also a demand for schools that are socially or economically selective. Religion enters in a fairly minor way into the life of these schools, and its influence, though steady, may not in practice be very strong. The Catholic schools seem, at least to an outsider, to be different: this church alone has as its deliberate policy the provision of separate schools for all the children of Roman Catholic parents, and its various teaching orders presumably have well-developed traditions that make religion central in their teaching. It is, therefore, mainly the Catholic schools that raise a special problem.

One argument that is frequently used to condemn these schools is that they maintain a social division; Catholic and non Catholic sections of the community grow up with differen-

backgrounds and in isolation from each other. This argument I reject: I see no merit in a social unity that attempts to submerge all differences of outlook and culture, I do not believe that separate schooling need produce any such radical isolation of sections as is feared, and in any case I do not believe that it is the main task of schools to promote social communication. In fact complete uniformity of educational practice would be deplorable: some variety of methods is all to the good. There is, of course, no reason why all the schools in a State educational system should be exactly alike, and it would be better if teachers and headmasters in State schools had greater opportunities for choice and experiment and the enterprise to use them. But in so far as the State system lacks variety, we should welcome variety outside it, and this is a point in favour of church and private schools of different kinds.

Granted that there are—and that there is no reason why there should not be—different sections in society with different beliefs, liberal principles would appear to give each section the right to educate its children in its own way. But what if the way in which the parents wish to educate their children will deny to the children the freedom to develop their minds and to arrive at the truth? If parents exercise their right to choose an education in such a way that beliefs are planted irrationally but ineradicably in the children's minds, then this freedom for the parents is in conflict with a vital freedom for the children. This is all the more serious if the children receive the *same* indoctrination from the home and the church as from the school, and cannot play off one authority against another. If parents are no longer allowed, on religious grounds, to deny a child a blood transfusion that may save its life, should they be allowed, on religious grounds, to deny it a transfusion of ideas that is necessary for mental life? Whenever two freedoms are in conflict, liberal principles in themselves do not tell us how to choose between them, and we have to decide on other grounds which freedom is the more important.

If we could take this conflict of rights by itself I should favour the right of the children against that of the parents. But this problem cannot be considered in isolation. The right of the children to free mental growth, if it has to be defended against the parents, can be defended only by a State educational system, but the State cannot be trusted to defend this right in all respects. Even a democratic state can be an enemy of educational freedom, and it is therefore risky to accept the principle that the State is to be the judge of the educational needs of all children, or to

interpret the right of children to a good education as the right of the State to give all children the education it thinks good.

On the other hand, the case for religious schools is weakened by the fact that there is some doubt whether it is really the parents whose freedom is at stake. We may suspect that Roman Catholic parents are under strong pressure from their church to send their children to Catholic schools. If so, the existence of such schools safeguards, not the right of parents to educate their children as they choose, but the right of a church to decide how the children of its members should be educated, and this claim has far less merit than a genuine parental claim would have.

We are faced, then, with a conflict of considerations which is not open to any simple solution on principle. The case against religious schools is weakened by any illiberalism or undue uniformity in the State schools: it is weakened also in so far as the religious schools teach genuine subjects either without bias or with a clearly recognizable and ultimately corrigible bias. Much depends on the actual character and quality of the teaching in the Catholic schools, and this is a factual question on which I cannot speak with any authority. If on account of this church's cultural links with the past and with other countries its schools lay more stress on foreign and ancient languages and on a wider view of history than is currently supported by the 'progressive' and 'democratic' educational policy, they will provide a welcome educational variety. As long as these schools are open to inspection, this, along with comparative results in external examinations, provides some check on the quality of their teaching. It would, I suppose, be too much to hope for any similar guarantee of a liberal spirit in their treatment of religious doctrine.

It is, therefore, with mixed feelings that one accepts the fact that separate religious schools exist and that their continued existence is politically inevitable: if there were, as there is not, any practical issue whether their existence should be tolerated, I would concede, with some hesitation, that as things are they have on the whole a right to exist.

But as soon as this point is conceded we come to what is a practical political issue, whether the State should give any kind of financial support to religious schools. The main argument for such support is the appeal to equity, that it is not fair that Catholic parents in particular should both pay taxes to support the State schools and have to bear the full cost of maintaining their own schools. This is a strong argument; nevertheless I

reject its conclusion. The State's educational obligation is primarily to the children; its duty is to offer to all children the opportunity of a genuine education, and this means a liberal education, one that is not irrevocably slanted in favour of the non-rational inculcation of any set of doctrines. If some parents choose not to allow their children to avail themselves of this opportunity then, provided that they give them instead an education that does not diverge too far from this and that is at least comparable in general quality, I concede with some reluctance and hesitation that on the whole the parents have the right to do this. But if they do so, it is their own lookout. It is not the State's duty to subsidize indoctrination or to make church schools as it were a branch of the State's educational provision.

Nor is it to the point to say that if the Catholic schools were suddenly closed and all their pupils sent to the State schools, the State schools would be unable to cope with them. If this happened, the State schools would be seriously embarrassed for some time, and the *past* practice of Catholic parents of *not* sending their children to the State schools would be the cause of this, but in principle the State schools are ready to accept all children and in time they would be expanded to give them all adequate teaching. Of course this would cost more, but we should be quite willing to meet this extra cost. Our willingness to meet the extra cost in these circumstances does not mean that we should be equally willing to pay a similar sum to maintain schools whose very existence is based on a rejection of the liberal principle in education.

If those who demand State aid for religious schools appeal to equity, they should be prepared to apply the principle equitably. The State can have no reason for supporting one non-rational doctrine rather than another. So anyone who is inclined to support this principle can test the genuineness of his adherence to it by asking whether he would support State aid to schools devoted to the non-rational inculcation of some doctrine that he dislikes, to the teaching of, say, Marxism or anti-Semitism so thoroughly and from such an early age that the pupils would be unlikely ever after to question these doctrines.

This case against State aid for religious schools rests, however, on one vital assumption, that the State schools genuinely adhere to the liberal and secular ideal. If their teaching were dominated by any purpose of irrational indoctrination—religion or racial or atheistic or nationalist or any other—they would be no better than the religious schools. And we must admit that there is some

irrational indoctrination in State schools—patriotism, the cult of royalty, and some rather vague religious doctrine. In defence of these schools we can say that this is not central, their teaching in these respects is corrigible, indeed that educational progress itself is a corrective.

But secular education even in the State schools is under attack. The Anglican Archbishop of Sydney has been demanding more general religious teaching by the regular salaried teachers, in secondary as well as primary schools. 'The teaching of our State schools,' he says (as reported in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 31 May) 'must be based on Christianity', and (as reported in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 18 February) 'teaching Christianity did not mean merely telling boys and girls to be good or reciting Bible stories. It involved a dogmatic declaration of fundamental truths and doctrines.' Dr Gough makes it clear that what he wants is not anything that is educationally proper: it is not religion as something we learn about, it is not even moral teaching, it is the inducing of pupils to adopt a certain religion. It is instructive to note that Dr Gough alternates his moves in this campaign with proposals for extending the censorship of serious literature: the two attacks on genuine education go hand in hand.

If Dr Gough and those who agree with him had their way the State schools would be no longer secular, they would be making the non-rational inculcation of religious doctrines a part of their explicit purpose, and even if these doctrines were supposed to be 'general' or 'non-denominational' it would still be explicitly *Christian* doctrine that was being laid down, and indeed the proposed content could be characterized as the highest common factor of Protestant doctrines. If the State schools were devoted to teaching this, the case for State aid for other equally religious, equally dogmatic, schools would be unanswerable.

J.L. Mackie

#### QUADRANT PRIZE

We are pleased to announce that the judges of the Quadrant Prize, the editors of *Encounter*, have awarded the prize for contributions to Nos. 11-14 to GEOFFREY DUTTON for the poem 'A South Australian Almanac' in the issue of Spring 1959. The prize is donated annually by Mr Adolph Basser for the encouragement of Australian writing.

## ALTER EGO

*Gwen Harwood*

Who stands beside me still,  
nameless, indifferent  
to any lost or ill  
motions of mind or will,  
whose pulse is mine, who goes  
sleepless and is not spent?

Mozart said he could hear  
a symphony complete  
its changing harmonies clear,  
plain in his inward ear  
in time without extent.  
And this one, whom I greet

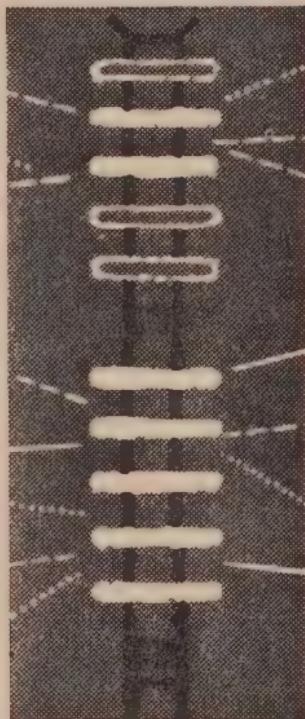
yet cannot name, or see  
save as light's sidelong shift,  
who will not answer me,  
knows what I was, will be,  
and all I am: beyond  
time's desolating drift.

In half light I rehearse  
Mozart's cascading thirds.  
Light's lingering tones disperse.  
Music and thought reverse  
their flow. Beside dark roots  
dry crickets call like birds

that morning when I came  
from childhood's steady air  
to love, like a blown flame,  
and learned: time will reclaim  
all music manifest.  
Wait, then, beside my chair

as time and music flow  
nightward again. I trace  
their questioning voices. Know  
little, but learn, and go  
on paths of love and pain  
to meet you, face to face.

**The weather at a glance...**  
**from the M.L.C.**  
**Weather Beacon**



**TEMPERATURE  
FORECAST**

When the lights are:  
Rising, Becoming warmer  
Falling, Becoming cooler  
Steady ..... No change

**WEATHER  
FORECAST**

**WHITE:**  
Steady ..... Fine  
Two Sec. Flashes, Clearing  
Half Sec. Flashes, Windy  
**RED:**  
Steady ..... Rain  
Two Sec. Flashes  
Change developing  
Half Sec. Flashes  
Strong winds and rain

The forecasts come from the Weather Bureau by remote control. The signals are for short-range forecasts and are adjusted at 6 a.m., noon, 4.30 p.m., 10 p.m. and when a change is imminent. Keep an M.L.C. Weather Beacon Signal Guide handy. Write or telephone for the pocket-sized card.



**THE M.L.C.**

**AND THE M.L.C. FIRE AND GENERAL  
INSURANCE COMPANY PTY. LIMITED**

MLC.28.14

## COMMUNICATION AND THE NON-FIGURATIVE

*Elwyn Lynn*

THE suppression or subordination of the subject in the contemporary visual arts has raised in an acute form the problem of communication and meaningfulness in arts which have, traditionally, employed recognizable images. These images have been regarded variously as the essence of aesthetics or as stimuli to aesthetic experience, though only the naïve have considered verisimilitude of image a criterion of judgment in the pictorial arts.

The problem of the relation of the more-or-less real objects presented to the aesthetic qualities attained has been much discussed. There have been metaphysical notions that the aesthetic qualities are not identifiable with the objects presented: Coleridge spoke of 'secondary meaning', Flaubert of the 'idea', Clive Bell of 'significant form' and, in the Summer issue of *Quadrant*, Peter Winton wrote that great art normally addresses itself through sense, feeling, form, image and symbol to the contemplative intellect. Just what this secondary meaning is, of what the significant form is significant, and what to be contemplated, emerge as the principal problems; for attempts, in the early twentieth century, to discard the primary meaning in the form of recognizable objects, led, both in theory and practice, to a concern only with arrangements, patterns, deployments of shapes; with, in brief, spatial designs on a plane surface. According to these theories, all literary and emotional references were irrelevant; it was held, indeed, that paintings in their final analysis were no more than plane geometry. Definitions of the beautiful generally included such abstractions as 'tensions', 'balanced harmonies', 'movement' and the like. Naturally paintings have spatial qualities, but these were exalted at the expense of any notion of emotional communication, which was so much considered the province of literature that, for example, opera was suspect as an art form because it adulterated its pure musical forms with the impurity of a story. Painting was frequently written of as if it were architecture of purist simplicity. Flat-patterned abstraction, cubism, functionalism, and the doctrine that a material should dictate its own metamorphoses: these were the antitheses proposed to Rousseauistic romanticism. Nevertheless, in the twenties and thirties there were streams of art concerned with communication of meaning: surrealism

employed odd juxtapositions of objects, indicating (it was claimed) the play of unconscious feelings—though they were more often the *result* rather than the *embodiment* of feelings; the social realists had a catalogue of appropriate emotions attached to their depictions of the unpleasantness of this world—the ultimate aim being to adumbrate the glory of a new era, although this implied optimism proved a rather indigestible ingredient.

These movements demanded that their emotional communication be sought in places outside the paintings; their communication was not essentially dependent on their being works of art.

In the early forties, while notions about the emotional content of painting were gaining currency amongst New York's tachists, action-painters, abstract expressionists and the like, Susanne Langer (*Feeling and Form*, 1952, and *Problems of Art*, 1957) developed theories that gave some objectivity to the idea of emotion in art, in that what is communicated or is meaningful in painting (whether non-figurative or traditional) concerns in some way the objectification of the emotions.

The theory to be here outlined—a theory implying that non-figurative art is neither meaningless nor dehumanized—is indebted to Susanne Langer. It depends upon acceptance of the idea that there are meanings which it is intrinsically impossible for words to express. Paintings, for example, are not propositions in paint, or verbal disquisitions in disguise: what is communicated is, in the last analysis, beyond verbal expression. It is just as pointless, according to this theory, to ask what the *Mona Lisa* means as to ask what de Kooning's swirling distortions of women mean, or what Mark Rothko's indeterminate shapes actually indicate. The meaning, according to Langer, is there in expressive form or symbol. 'Symbol' is used by her not in the usual discursive sense as a convenient way of expressing meanings that could be verbalized, or as a sign of real objects. The form of symbol is not expressive simply of the artist's emotion or of the way he sees things, nor is its aim to arouse a desired or predictable emotion in the viewer, even conceding that to be possible.

Symbols as signs of recognizable objects and situations have, in paintings, ranged from the simple Christian cross, the cubist guitar, the obscurities of Hieronymus Bosch: but despite the present impenetrability of many such symbols, the possibility of indicating their meaning verbally is assumed, even when there are many levels of explanations which abound in ambiguities or oxymorons—as in, say, Watteau's *Embarkation for Cythera* which is full of bitter-sweet acceptance and nostalgia, of pleasure

and of fin-de-siècle unease. However essential to the picture the symbol or signs, they are really only elements in the composition, which is always something more than the most erudite cataloguing of its ingredients, symbolic and otherwise, could explicate.

While we expect in painting and in discourse that symbols shall have clear enough objects of reference, we note that some symbols are both discursive and non-discursive: Melville's whale stands for a whale and yet symbolizes *Moby Dick* as a whole. In romanticism the upas tree, the stone, the island, and so on, have both a verbal and an unverbalized significance as they constitute symbolic representations of mental states inexpressible in other forms. 'The active felt process of life,' says Langer, 'the tensions interwoven and shifting from moment to moment, the flowing and slowing, the drive and directness of desires, and, above all, the rhythmic continuity of self-hood, defies the expressive power of discursive symbolism.' The import, however, of painting or art as symbol is articulated in the work but does not exist apart from its imaginative expression. The symbol is, in Langer's sense, a unique unanalysable unit, and meaning belongs to it not conventionally but naturally or intrinsically. The subject matter is distinct in that what the picture is *about* is the form of life, the life of feelings.

Even if, it may be asked, art is the creation of perceptible forms which are the embodiment of human feelings incapable of discursive presentation, how does this indicate that the most turbulent action painting is communicating some emotion symbolically? Whether this question can be meaningfully asked may become clearer by examining some aspects of traditional art. It is true enough that the body of Zeus was not on earth: a statue of him is an idealization of something approaching the essence of independence and command, just as the figures on Chartres Cathedral symbolize something akin to dedicated spiritual dependence. One's impression of such works is that whatever they do express could be expressed in no other way. This is certainly felt about the *Mona Lisa* and *Hamlet*. The meanings of these have been variously and voluminously rendered in criticism, but there are no equivalents for them.

The possibility of producing equivalents is implied by those who seek to justify non-figurative art on the ground that it is presenting traditional values in a new form. But traditional art expresses its unique meaning without the possibility of a paraphrase. Not only did the use of perspective in the Renaissance release creative talents, it also realized attitudes hitherto

inaccessible. When the Baroque played havoc with perspective panoramas, it did so to express a more rhapsodic spirituality, a flamboyant ecstasy. In the same way a painting by Mondrian might epitomize an austere intellectual delight that could be designated in no other way.

If one observes that a picture is 'melancholy', one hardly imagines that this emotion is on the canvas itself or that it will induce temporary melancholia; rather one sees that here is a symbolic presentation of a feeling related to melancholy, or to a constellation of feelings including melancholy. Of course, if one could indicate the existence of such a constellation elsewhere, then art would be merely a depiction of reality and the criterion of its judgment would again tend to be one of verisimilitude; but no one really thinks that the meaning exists elsewhere than in the work itself. Those who emphasize the value of the artist's self-expression, still have the objective work to evaluate. Certainly it is not enough to argue that a work is not dehumanized simply because it manifests the condition of the artist who made it; it will be, possibly, humanist in so far as it interprets the condition of man.

If the reality that art deals with is found only in works themselves, then religious feelings in paintings would be no mere illustrations of theology, but would, while being consistent with it, present the felt religious life. With Peter Winton one would have doubts about the critic Brion's statement that the non-figurative, far from being devoid of religious potentiality, may express it without the mediation of figures which deform the religious sentiment. On the contrary, according to the Langer theory, one might say that the religious feelings embodied in figurative work are simply different from those one might detect in the non-figurative. Nor would one disagree with Winton's declaration that to claim that the non-figurative is a descent towards the secret heart of things by a magical operation is an abandonment of intelligence. Certainly non-figurative art is not a new mode of acquiring knowledge. On the other hand, however subjective or emotional, however full of the 'post-Rousseau vulgarity of considering forms, conventions, limits, preordained meanings as so many tyrannical and deforming fetters upon culture' (as Winton says), the creator of a non-figurative work may be, and however much his 'published confessions recall an initiatic language', there is still the painting to be looked at. One might ask how intimately much of this initiatic language is related to the works themselves; may be it is the *critical* movement that in an 'outgrowth of a recurring

aberration towards antinomian illuminism'. To criticize the criticism still leaves the paintings to be dealt with in their own right.

Indeed, if the subject of art is non-discursive one might expect some odd explanations of the artists' intentions—simply because of the final inapplicability of verbal discourse—and one might detect in the Winton article a confusion between 'current fashions in thinking' and 'the type of art which dominates in critical circles at the moment'. It seems odd that, while critics agree that there could be no exact verbal paraphrase of, say, a Shakesperian sonnet, and similarly would agree that there could be no painted paraphrase of Holbein's *Henry VIII* that was not a replica, yet they do seek verbal equivalents of a painting.

Some of the seemingly desperate, subjective adventures of the abstract expressionists are simply due to a desire to destroy the regular system of associations connected with certain forms and shapes. Great emphasis is laid upon the unique existence of the single picture and much opposition is expressed to its being regarded as a mere illustration of an art movement. (How people want art at all costs to illustrate something!) They are not obsessed by subjective novelty of means, but they are seeking means unassociated with traditional practices which will allow them to say something new. One of their theorists, P.G. Pavia, (in *It is*—A Magazine for Abstract Art, No. 3, 1950, New York) points out that their art is not one depending on a regular system of associations by similarity, or associations with past practice. In their attempts to present the new they reject all that indicates the 'dead-data stuff' that interferes with the primacy of sensations and the spontaneity of their utterance. In no way is the subject matter of their pictures to be illuminated by reference to other forms of reality, including past pictures. The shattering of the correspondence of objects and sensations that was the aim of surrealist juxtapositions of the odd with the ordinary became itself a quite predictable reversal of logic: Dali came to be a Victorian illustrator par excellence. For William James as psychologist the principle of similarity in association was too voluntary and too unspontaneous. His is a theory of associations uncluttered with memory and habit and eminently suitable, Pavia contends, to explain the attitude of many action-painters, who, while abandoning a fixed and pre-ordained language of painting, are not merely emoting, for the painting is an objective presence to be contemplated. As one said, the painting was complete when it no longer needed him.

While opposed to Mondrian's severity and rigidity, artists of the New York school were influenced by his presence there, and by such statements of his as: 'Art is not the expression of the appearance of reality such as we see it, nor of the life which we live, but . . . it is the expression of true life . . . indefinable but realizable in plastics.' This attitude, of course, makes pointless any attempt to gauge the validity of a work by its references to other works or by the responses or associations it engenders in its audience.

This notion lies behind attempts to justify the non-figurative by indicating the inevitability of its development through various modern movements, as though the beauty of a princess could be guaranteed by the royalty of her ancestry. Though the history of a movement's emergence may remove certain prejudices to appreciation, it can by no means account for the individual impact of unique works of art; indeed much writing is sheer avoidance of this difficult task and there is a growing difficulty of detaching the work from its theoretic order, whether it be the traditional mode of presenting the Virgin and Child or tachism. It is ironic that the liberation of the picture from literary subject matter has led to pictures being engulfed in words.

The picture, then, is to be considered a self-contained object, whose meaning is not open to interpretation by reference to other works, to movements, or, to other reality: it is a non-discursive presentation of life as felt, a symbolic presentation of the feeling, and that is its 'meaning'.

If this is what constitutes the meaning and humanity of works of art, then such meaning and humanity are to be found not in the commentators or in the historians, but in the actual contemplation of the work itself, an act which brings on a feeling quite often of profound ignorance and blessed inarticulateness.

*Elwyn Lynn***VOSS AMONG THE PENGUINS**

THE deep impression which Patrick White's novels have made in England and the United States has led to the publication of a Penguin edition of *Voss*. An editorial comment on the significance of this work was made in *Quadrant* No. 8, Spring 1958.

# But IS the grass any greener?



Sages tell us that the grass is always greener across the fence. They don't say which fence nor how much greener; and this makes one wonder whether their proverb is anything more than charming alliteration.

Apply the thought to business for a minute. Any executive who has travelled the world will tell you that the grass outside Australia is pallid by comparison. In fact, Australia is one of the few countries in the world where

business operates free of bureaucratic control and intervention.

It is this industrial freedom which has enabled Australia to expand at such an amazing rate in the post-war years; and everyone, both management and employee, has reaped the benefits.

We at Victa Consolidated Industries like to feel that our Company typifies Australian business. Our employees share in the profits . . . our suppliers have grown with us as our demand for raw materials has increased . . . our consumers have benefited from lower prices and improved features as our turnover has mounted.

Yes, we like to feel that everyone has a "share" in Victa. And we're grateful to Free Enterprise for making it possible. That's why we say—sages notwithstanding—that Australian Free Enterprise is the greenest grass of all.



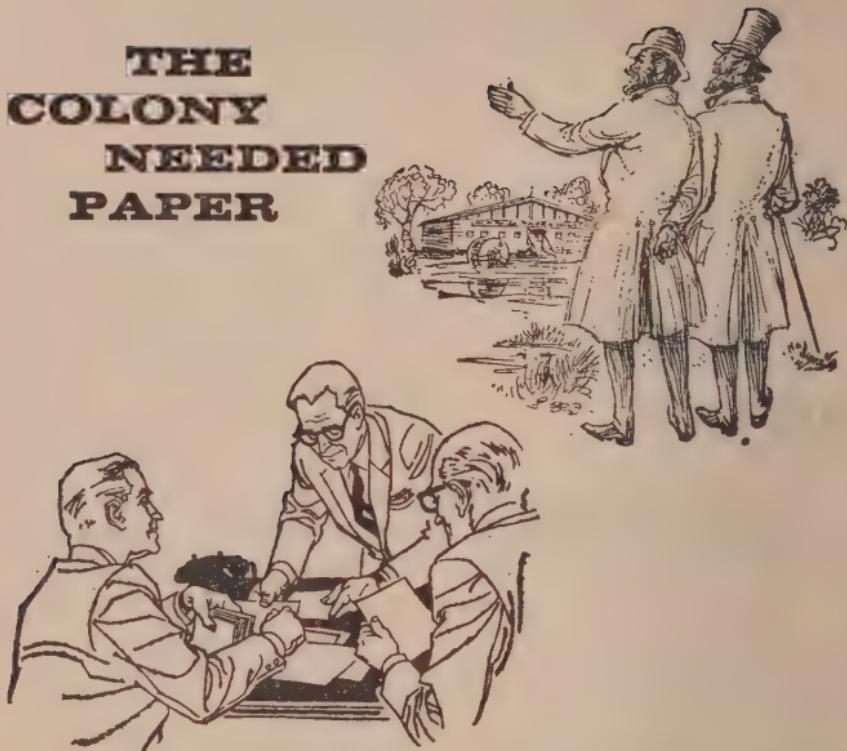
**VICTA CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.**

Horsley Road, Milperra, N.S.W.

**MOWERS • PLASTICS • HOMES • STRUCTURAL STEEL • INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS**

V410-60

# THE COLONY NEEDED PAPER



In Australia's earliest days colonial government was hampered and harassed by paper shortages, so it is not surprising that paper-making became one of the new land's first manufacturing industries. The first mill was set up in 1818 beside a small stream in what is now Sydney's Centennial Park. Operated by two enterprising colonists, Fisher and Duncan, the mill produced paper from rags for some years — but then, because of circumstances of which there is no record, it fell into ruin. The Fisher-Duncan mill was the direct ancestor of all paper-making in Australia, today a tremendous and developing industry of first importance to the nation and its economy.

It was the forerunner of the company that is known today as Australian Paper Manufacturers Limited, which operates seven mills through the Commonwealth, produces hundreds of tons of paper-board and paper daily, employs thousands of Australian workers, plants millions of new trees, engages in continuous scientific research — and is owned by 27,000 Australians.



*Buy Australian Made*

## AUSTRALIAN PAPER MANUFACTURERS LTD.

South Gate, South Melbourne.

Mills at Melbourne, Fairfield, Maryvale, Broadford in Victoria; Botany, N.S.W.; Petrie, Queensland; Bayswater, W.A.

*"Sales Offices in all State Capitals"*

# THE STRUGGLE AGAINST COMMUNISM IN THE TRADE UNIONS

## THE LEGAL ASPECT

*J.R.Kerr*

### I

THE fight against Communism in Australia has, in recent years, raised many dramatic and historic issues at all levels of national policy. Many of these issues have been fought out in the Courts and this has led to the assumption that the Courts and legal action have been especially significant in this struggle.

It is true that the role of the Courts and the law has been important, but it is essential that that role should be kept in perspective and in its proper setting in the overall struggle.

At the outset the point must be made that the Courts are not, as the Communist Party would have us believe, instruments of reaction, tools of the capitalist state, playing a biased and pre-determined part in the suppressive activity which the Communist Party asserts is constantly organized against it. The fact that the Courts, in our democracy, though doubtless subscribing to democratic ideals (the common law is in many respects the cradle of our liberties), are not part of an oppressive reactionary machine was demonstrated beyond argument when the High Court of Australia disallowed as unconstitutional the Communist Party Dissolution Act. We must, therefore, not assume that the Courts can or will be anti-Communist in their orientation and will ignore or side-step the law. In the fight against Communism the content of the law is itself also neutral.

The main area in which the Courts and the law have played an important part has been in the field of trade union activity. It is in this field particularly that the Communist Party is active and here, again, it is important not to become the victim of slogans which the Communist Party spreads and which are often absorbed unconsciously by many who are not Communist.

An example of such a slogan is the assertion that the community is not entitled, through the law and its operation, to intervene in the domestic affairs of the unions. Trade unions, it is said, have the right to manage their own affairs and legislative and judicial interference by the promulgation and enforcement of laws is unwarranted and denies or threatens the independence of trade unions. Many who are not Communists make this claim.

Mr J.H.Wootten has examined this argument in a paper which he delivered at the Summer School of the Institute of Political Science in January, 1959, and which has been published in the volume *Trade Unions in Australia*. He says that the community has an interest and a duty to intervene in trade unions in order to submit their vast power to legal regulation:

In trade unions (as in the State itself) the rule of law is the necessary guarantee not only of the personal freedom of trade unionists, but of the independence of trade unions themselves. If the rights of trade union members can be denied, if they cannot both voice opposition and enforce respect for their democratic rights to work for and bring about a change of the government of their union, then their union is not independent. It is the servant of some individual or faction or group which has usurped the rightful power of the members.

He goes on to point out that trade unions exercise great power and control considerable finance. This power, great in the hands of ordinary union leaders, is particularly important to the Communist Party which seeks to exercise it in peace or war in the interests of the Soviet Union or China. Those interests may require the destruction or disruption of the Australian economy or of a particular industry, and activity in trade unions can be of great help to this end. He points out that the unions exercise great power, through their affiliation, representatives and finances, in the ALP and that the Communist Party, through them, seeks to influence the ALP as one of its greater objectives.

Control of union funds and resources is important to the Communist Party and provides cream to be skimmed off for Party purposes. The propaganda machine of unions is used to grind out the current Party line or to whip up support for some Communist-front activity. Funds are milked covertly, e.g. by having a union paper printed at a Party printery for rates above normal.

It would be unfair to Mr Wootten to assume that his argument for legal regulation is confined to Communist Party activity. Indeed his discussion ranges over the industrial, arbitration and political fields. However, one thread running through it is the need to control dishonest and secret Communist activity carried on without effective direction or control by the members and in breach of the law and the union rules. His conclusion is:

Clearly then the community has an interest in trade unions which justifies it in regulating their internal affairs to the extent necessary to ensure that their great power is not used to prejudice the individual liberty of persons who are obliged to join them, and does not fall under the control of minority groups who may be corrupt or subversive. The community's interest flows not so much from any specially privileged position that unions enjoy under the law as from the fact that a democratic community cannot allow such great concentrations of power to exist unless they are

## THE STRUGGLE IN THE UNIONS

used justly and responsibly. The same applies to any other type of concentrated power in the community. However, it is certainly relevant that the building up of their power has been greatly helped by the privileges that unions enjoy under our compulsory arbitration system.

It becomes important then for the law to ensure that trade union officials cannot rig ballots to keep themselves in office, cannot railroad their opponents, cannot misappropriate funds. This sort of activity is not confined to Communists, but they, unless prevented, act in this way as a matter of settled strategy. The Communist Party acts, as Mr Wootten says, as a 'nike of sedition in the community, which makes control of trade unions one of its principal objectives; and that is another reason why it is essential that the law should not permit people to gain and keep office in trade unions by dishonest and unscrupulous means'.

In Australia, by and large, this degree of regulation has been achieved. The unions are not above the law. They run their own affairs but according to rules of fairness and justice insisted upon by a democratic State. The existence of this law has enabled many great legal fights to be fought over the last ten or twelve years. Such fights will continue. The Communist Party and its supporters have been and will be contained by the need to act within the law, but will also enjoy its protection as all others do. They, too, may avail themselves of the law and the Courts. They have done so, and where the law was on their side they have had their victories. Often, however, their actions have been dishonest or forbidden by law or union rule and the Courts have stepped in to frustrate them.

This point leads me to make a more general observation before discussing some of the issues that have actually been dealt with in the Courts. It is quite wrong to assume that the battle against Communism can be fought solely or mainly in the Courts. For successful action against Communism in the unions there are a number of prerequisites.

First, there must be a well-led team of opponents to Communism. The team activity is the important thing, but the leadership is also vitally important. In all the successful struggles there has been a leader, a man of courage, imagination, capacity for decision, with a flair for seizing upon big issues and capitalizing upon opportunities. He should have a feeling for what is called public relations or propaganda and a capacity to put his team 'on the map'.

Secondly, there must be rank-and-file organization to undertake the hard work of canvassing, raising funds, preparing and

circulating posted or distributed propaganda and generally to 'get in the vote'. A small poll is more pro-Communist than a large one.

Thirdly, success will also depend upon the team availing itself of every opportunity at law to hem in and constrain the Communist opponent and to keep him within the rules and the law. This is where legal actions come into the picture. They have the additional advantage of enabling Communist dishonesty and trickery, tyranny, railroading and violence to be exposed in the full light of publicity. The leader, who is choosing his political and legal issues well, will get invaluable publicity for his cause, and the press will be mobilized to publicize his struggle, not because the press is a mere stooge of capitalism, but because the leader will be creating news by his challenges in the Courts.

All this illustrates that the fourth prerequisite is successful propaganda on a mass basis; and of this the publicity flowing from successful legal actions is only one part.

It should always be remembered, however, that all this is a game at which two can play. Communists though attacking the Courts as mere instruments of capitalism, are very ready to use them and the publicity flowing from successful action in the Courts, to unmask weak, tyrannical or dishonest leaders of a non-Communist variety. It is for this reason that success must ultimately be based upon true democratic support.

## II

I should like to illustrate what I have said by some of the legal struggles of the past decade. I shall draw largely upon the happenings in the Ironworkers' Union, but shall rely upon illustrations from other unions' affairs too.

It will be remembered that the Communist-led coal strike in 1949 was one which caused nation-wide consternation. During that strike Short led the attack upon the Communist leadership of the FIA, the members of which had suffered greatly as a result of the strike. He was becoming well-known in the Union as a result of struggles over the years and was reaching a position in the Union from which a successful challenge to Thornton seemed very likely.

In these circumstances violence or the threat of violence is often resorted to in the hope, often well founded, that an emerging leader can be driven out of the fight. During the coal strike, under semi-blackout conditions, Short was attacked by several thugs in the ground floor entrance to the Ironworkers' building

whilst seeking to attend a Union meeting there. The greatest protection for a leader from further violence under such circumstances, is to counter-attack with propaganda immediately. This Short did. He reported the matter immediately to the police and had himself photographed whilst still bearing the fresh wounds and bruises. Pamphlets were immediately published widely with the picture reproduced. Of course press publicity also ensured widespread knowledge throughout the Union of what had happened.

The election for National Secretary was due at the end of 1949 and this happening in the middle of the year, so far from forcing Short out of the struggle through fear, had the opposite effect of making him even better known as a fighter to his fellow members. He succeeded in demonstrating that his opponents would resort to violence whilst, at the same time, making it more difficult for them to do so in the future. Short could not round off the whole incident by bringing his assailants to justice because he did not recognize them as union members or at all. Legal proceedings at this stage would have dramatized the whole matter but an action for assault was not open to him for the reason mentioned.

At this stage his Communist opponents came to his rescue. Finding it necessary to counter his effective propaganda about the assault, they published in the Union journal, *Labour News*, an article saying, in effect, that the incident was a frame-up, that it had not occurred and that he was in conspiracy with the police and the press to get publicity for something which had not happened.

Short now had a magnificent opportunity to sue, not unknown thugs, but Thornton himself, as publisher of the journal. He claimed damages for libel and was able in those proceedings to call many witnesses to the assault, ordinary rank-and-file supporters who were with him at the time. These proceedings resulted in a verdict for Short with attendant widespread publicity through the press.

This case illustrates that special legislation relating to unions, though vitally important, is not the only law relevant in this struggle. The common law remedies of libel and, where it can be proved, assault are also important provided a courageous man is willing to press on.

The stage was now set for the election in 1949 in which Short stood as Thornton's opponent. We now know that, in that election, Short thoroughly trounced Thornton and that thousands of forged ballot papers were introduced into the ballot—fraud

and forgery on a grand scale, as Mr Justice Dunphy later said. However, at the time, Thornton was declared elected.

In 1949 the Labor Federal Government had introduced a new section into the Commonwealth Arbitration Act under which a member could allege that irregularities had occurred and ask for an enquiry by the Commonwealth Arbitration Court. Short and his scrutineers had noticed during the counting of the ballot that great numbers of ballot papers appeared to have been filled in by the same hand, and that identical crosses appeared on many ballot papers. He obtained an enquiry under the new legislation. The opposition dragged this enquiry out for many, many months, but wholesale forgery and falsification was proved exhaustively. Short was declared elected. This case showed a number of things, not the least of which, next after the proof of a vast fraud, was that a legal filibuster should not deter one from asserting one's rights to the bitter end.

Whilst this long legal battle was going on several other chapters were being written in the story of this struggle. Short was expelled in the middle of 1951. This was an attempt to railroad him out of the Union. He took action in the Commonwealth Arbitration Court and it was held that his expulsion was invalid. It was found that there was no evidence upon which honest men could rely and the Union tribunal was biased. The rules had been broken and he was entitled to have them enforced by having his opponents ordered to treat him as a member.

All this added to the strength of his position as leader of the anti-Communist opposition. He had by now been assaulted, rigged out of office by fraud, and railroaded out of membership by bias and breach of rule, but had successfully fought back. Towards the end of 1951 he was declared to have been validly elected in 1949 to the office of National Secretary. He took up that office, but was still surrounded by enemies.

The position changed decisively after the Union elections at the end of 1951. His supporters won throughout the Union, capitalizing on the dramatic fight being waged.

By this time the Menzies Government had amended the Chifley legislation in an important respect. The Labor legislation which permitted enquiries into irregularities in union ballots had also allowed a union or a branch of a union to ask that the Registrar of the Court should take over the conduct of the union's ballot. The Liberal Government amended this by allowing five hundred rank-and-file members of a Branch or one thousand members of the whole union to ask the Registrar to conduct a branch or a union ballot.

This legislation was used by the members of the Sydney-Metropolitan Branch of the Union to get a ballot conducted by the Commonwealth Returning Officer who was appointed by the Registrar to do this. The Communist officials, not spurning the High Court, sought to have this amendment declared unconstitutional. They argued that the Commonwealth, in making laws for arbitration, could not interfere in the internal affairs of a union by regulating its elections. The Court declared the new law valid and, in the result, the Short team captured the Sydney-Metropolitan Branch.

During these critical 1951 elections other legal cases were fought to protect the independence of the office of the Returning Officer by preventing Communist Branch officials from giving orders and directions to Returning Officers, which would have taken the control of the election out of their hands. Short brought another case to establish the point that union assets and resources could not be used by a faction in power to defeat its opponents in an election. The Union is separate and distinct from the faction which controls it and that faction cannot regard itself as identical with the union, or the union's interests as identical with factional interests. It cannot use union funds to fight its election.

In the Clerks' Union, at about the same time, this same point—namely the distinction between the faction and the union—was made in an expulsion case. A member, Poulter, was expelled for distributing a pamphlet making an attack on the existing union leadership, this being claimed by that leadership to be contrary to the interests of the Union. He went to the Court saying that his right to criticize, attack and, if possible, defeat the existing leadership was a basic right, and his criticism of existing office holders was not an attack upon the union itself. He was successful. It is clear, of course, that libellous attacks upon existing officials can be dealt with by actions for damages in the ordinary courts and even libellous attacks upon those in office are no ground for asserting that an attack has been made upon the union itself.

In March, 1952, Short's team won all the National offices in the Union and at the end of that year swept all Communist officials out of all Branches of the Union.

This struggle exemplifies all of the introductory points I made except one. Behind the scenes much devoted work and organized effort was put into the task of 'getting in the vote'. On the whole, however, it was a victory for courage and leadership combined with meticulous attention to the law and legal rights.

It has been much the same in many other unions. In the Clerks' Union manipulation of the rules was attempted in order, by an amendment, to disfranchise the bulk of the membership in an election at which defeat of Communist officials was expected. The rules were disallowed as imposing an unreasonable condition upon the membership of members and all who were financial under the old rules were allowed to vote.

In the ARU attempts were made, in reverse, by opponents of Lloyd Ross to have him removed from office because of non-compliance with the rules in his original appointment. This was a case of a campaign by opponents of anti-Communism to use the Courts and the law to achieve a defeat of an anti-Communist regime. Lloyd Ross had to fight a determined rearguard action, which included working as a porter at Darling Harbour for three months, before he finally won an election under valid rules. The trouble in the ARU centred around the fact that its rules had not been registered in the Federal Court and Ross's victory could only finally be achieved, upon a basis of stability, after the rules had been fully registered.

Mention may be made here of the long struggle in the Transport Workers' Union in NSW. This was not part of the fight against Communism, except perhaps in an indirect way. Its main importance is to demonstrate that a determined leadership, despite constant reversals in the Courts, can maintain itself in office by manipulation of the highly complex legal situation involved in having two sets of rules, one under the Federal and one under the State legislation. To counter such tactics a long war of attrition is necessary. This involves constant resort to the Courts to undo the endless stream of invalid decisions made by a leadership on the defensive. It is essential never to get tired, never to get disheartened, never to give up the struggle. In time more and more members gradually come to see that manipulation of rules alone is enabling the leadership to survive, and ultimately a double victory under both sets of rules becomes possible. The trouble in such a long drawn out battle of tactics is that the slogan 'you will never beat him' can begin to exercise a hypnotic effect on even the active workers.

Whatever may be the reason for it, once the slogan 'you will never beat him' becomes real, through constant failure to unseat an opponent despite a stream of legal victories, only great heart in the team and its leadership and thorough and thankless never-ending work, without much glamour to make it bearable, can lead to ultimate victory. The Courts and the law, in such a situation, are decidedly not enough to guarantee success.

After the victory over the Communists in the FIA, an attempt was made at general meetings of the Branches of the Union to control the policy of the democratically elected anti-Communist Committee of Management by resolutions of the Branches in general meeting. The Committees were elected in general elections by majorities of two or three to one. The members numbered thousands—for example twelve thousand to fourteen thousand in Sydney—yet meetings of eighty or one hundred members would seek to over-rule the Committees and direct them on policy. The mass of the members would not come to meetings. Having elected their committees they expected them to run the Union. Communist groups of fifty-odd members, coming in solidly disciplined groups, could and did get majorities at general meetings. In these circumstances the Union altered its rules so as to provide that resolutions of such meetings should not be binding on the Committees unless fifteen per cent of the members had attended the meeting. This rule was attacked in the Commonwealth Industrial Court on the ground that it imposed an unreasonable condition upon the membership of members—that it was fundamentally undemocratic. This attack failed and now, in the FIA, there is a democratic safeguard against government of the union by tiny highly disciplined and organized minorities at general meetings of a Branch.

This question of relying upon rank-and-file apathy and using the branch meeting of small numbers of regular attenders to govern the union is of greatest significance in a union like the AEU, where elections are held at branch meetings. It is in such a union that the right of the rank and file—one thousand members—to force a ballot controlled by the Registrar or Commonwealth Electoral Officer is of great importance. Such a ballot is held by postal vote and a great many more voters record a vote.

It is essential to combat the absurd theory of democracy that asserts that the great unions of today, often thousands and thousands strong, should be governed not by the democratic principles of representative democracy (i.e. by an elected 'parliament' and 'cabinet') but by those few who regularly attend branch meetings.

Another interesting post-victory case in the FIA was an attack, not from the left, but from the right. An attempt was made last year to prevent the FIA from paying its affiliation fees or from making donations from its funds to the ALP. This raised very complicated legal issues and the attack was finally defeated. The Union, like many others, was affiliated with the ALP and

the plaintiff's argument was that the Union under its own rules and under the general law could not pay its funds over to support a political party. It was held that both under its rules and under the general law it could. This is an important question of national policy, and it may well be that in these days when a person must, in many occupations, join a union to earn a living he should be able to ensure that none of *his* contributions go to support a political party which he opposes. It is another thing to attempt to reverse history and disengage the Australian union movement from the ALP which the unions played a great part in forming. Most unionists, whatever their personal politics, accept this traditional connection between the industrial union movement and the political labour movement and do not object to union funds going to the support of the ALP. Protection for conscientious objectors can easily be devised by a 'contracting out' or a 'contracting in' system of payment of union dues.

### III

This last case, about use of funds to support the ALP, tempts me to make some observations about the conditions upon which further successes may be obtained in Communist-controlled unions. Since Krushchev's speech to the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and since Hungary the Australian Communist Party has had internal troubles and now appears to be, numerically, at its lowest ebb. It also seems to have lost the last remnants of its intellectuals. However it is still very strong in the unions.

The Communist question has bedevilled our national politics for many years now, and difference of opinion about how to fight Communism has been widespread and has caused a split in the ALP. It is clear that a vital necessity is organization and rank-and-file activity. In the past much of this organization was provided, within the ALP, by the Industrial Groups. The ALP 'label' was very helpful, perhaps even decisive, in earlier struggles. The ALP has withdrawn its support for those groups, and the former ALP organization behind them, because they were alleged to have been dominated by Mr Santamaria and the Catholic Social Movement. It is claimed that this movement operated secretly within the groups and the branches of the ALP and was an 'outside force' seeking to control the ALP.

I do not wish to canvass here the highly controversial questions involved in this dispute, nor the decision made by some to withdraw from the ALP and by others to remain in that Party.

I should like to say only this. The Communist Party and its Central Committee devote themselves, as their main activity, to the task of winning and holding union office. This is done both because of the power which union office gives directly in the industries involved, and also because of the power it gives indirectly in influencing the ALP. If the ALP wishes to be accepted as the Party of the Australian working class, it must itself accept the challenge thrown down to it, not only by the conservative parties in parliamentary politics, but also by the Communist Party in industrial politics. It is absurd not to fight the Communist Party openly in all unions, upon the policy that the ALP is better able to lead unions, as it is better able to lead the country, than the Communist Party is. When Asoka Mehta, the President of the Indian Socialist Party was in Australia, he found it difficult to believe that a democratic socialist party, such as the ALP continues to say that it is, would not openly fight the Communist Party for leadership of the Australian unions.

It is ridiculous to leave the field of politically-organized struggles in the unions to the Communist Party alone. Isolated groups fighting without support and recognition cannot hope to match its powerful, nation-wide, and centrally-controlled organization. When it disbanded the Industrial Groups, the ALP in my view threw out the baby with the bath-water. I am aware that many Labor people felt the need to remove 'Movement' influence from the ALP. But if Labor leaders had been willing at all stages to give a firm lead in fighting Communism the grip of the Movement on ALP affairs would never have developed in the way it did. This failure of leadership in the years when it was most needed has always seemed to me a stark and disturbing fact which has been overlooked in the subsequent controversies.

It is today difficult to get Labor leaders to organize and lead the workers of this country not only in parliamentary polls but also in union polls. If they would do this it would not be a case of re-establishing the Industrial Groups or allowing an 'outside movement' to exert power in the Party because the Party itself, confident in its belief that it is the true Party of the Australian working class, would be fighting union elections as hard as it fights parliamentary elections. It would be doing this in order to ensure that the same policy and philosophy dominates both the political party and its industrial union affiliates. If it would do this it would defeat Communism in all unions and win back the electoral support it has lost.

To do it, it is necessary to get rid of a number of myths. It must realize that it is a sign of lack of political virility to be taken in by the propaganda that some Communist union officials (for example in the maritime unions) cannot be beaten 'because they are excellent union officials'. A virile Party will find opponents of equal or greater administrative virtue, but with a far more acceptable philosophy. It is political bankruptcy for a great Party, based upon the workers, to admit that it cannot find and support leaders of merit in all unions.

It is necessary also to destroy the myth that the ALP should not interfere in union affairs. This myth is sedulously cultivated by the Communist Party, though, as a Party, it takes the opposite advice itself.

On the subject of 'unity tickets', for instance, the claim has been strongly made that the ALP is not entitled to expel a member from the ALP who joins with Communists in a common ticket in union elections. It is said that this is interfering in union affairs. The people who make this claim would be even more vociferous in attacking genuine ALP anti-Communist tickets supported by the ALP machine and leaders. This, too, would be interfering in union affairs.

But whilst the unions are affiliated to the ALP and send delegates to its governing bodies, it is essential for the ALP to run tickets to defeat Communists in its affiliated unions. This does not mean re-establishing the Industrial Groups with predominantly Catholic membership. It means making the ALP into a Party which, however left-wing or militant it may be, believes that it and not the Communist Party is the true representative of the Australian working people for both industrial and political purposes.

Whether this will happen in the immediate future or at all remains uncertain. That being so, the struggle will have to continue in a piecemeal and atomized way. Groups in unions must fight alone without the strength that would come from ALP leadership and organization, despite the fact that with that leadership and organization a real death blow could be administered to the Communist Party in Australia at the only point where it now retains any political leverage. With ALP leadership and organization it could be reduced to an insignificant sect.

*J.R.Kerr*

When books and authors are discussed THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT is constantly cited. Each week it contains expert and outspoken critical comment on some sixty books. A review in THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT is always worth reading—and so, usually, is the book. Now, following the publication last year of THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION—the memorable special issue devoted to a survey of the American creative mind—

THE  TIMES  
LONDON

# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

announces one of the outstanding publishing events of 1960:  
A special issue of over 90 pages entitled

## THE BRITISH IMAGINATION

to be on sale in Australia in the first week of October

This special number will form one of the most searching and widespread enquiries ever undertaken into Britain's current contribution to the creative arts and the world of ideas. The Novelists of the moment; the new generation of Realists and Abstractionists in English painting; the Romantic Tradition in English Art; Musicians at work, with a special section on Jazz; Television; the Theatre; Snobbery as a manifestation of the British Imagination; the well-known Sense of Humour; and after Logical Positivism—What? These are but a handful of subjects from an issue that will reflect the subtleties and the potential of the British imaginative mind in all its aspects. Others include:—

LITERARY CRITICISM  
PSYCHOLOGY  
ARCHITECTURE  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

BALLET  
RADIO  
WOMEN  
POETRY  
CINEMA

TYPOGRAPHY  
PUBLISHING  
ADVERTISING  
SCIENCE  
MUSEUMS

Take this opportunity of entering a subscription to commence with this special number! Just fill in the coupon below. A copy of THE BRITISH IMAGINATION will be sent to you from the Australian office of *The Times*, and the following copies of THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT will come each week direct from London.

To: THE TIMES, AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND OFFICE,  
21, BOLTON STREET, NEWCASTLE, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA.

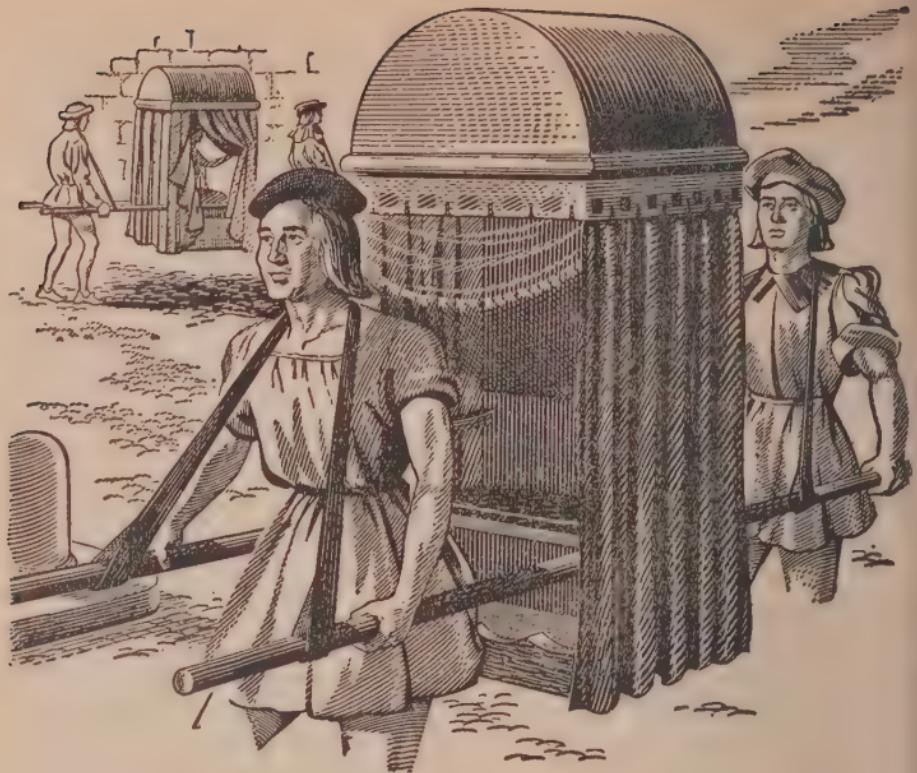
*Please enter a year's subscription to THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT on my behalf, commencing with THE BRITISH IMAGINATION special number.*

*I enclose £2. 7s. 0d. (Australian currency).*

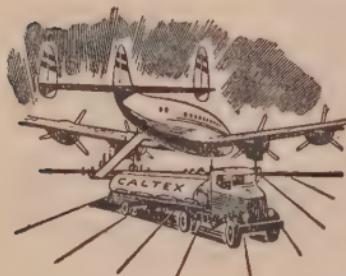
NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

(1)  
Please attach addresses of additional gift subscriptions on a separate sheet of paper. Additional single copies of THE BRITISH IMAGINATION special number may be obtained through newsagents or from the above address for 2s. 2d. including postage.



## Imagine a travelling world without oil!



development derives in large measure from petroleum power. Caltex, in supplying fine fuels and lubricants to the people of more than 70 lands, is proudly aware of its vital contribution to international travel.

Not long ago, the only barrier to the conquest of space was the pessimist's voice . . . but to-day, we have indeed broken through more than one sound barrier. Clearly, such an outstanding



**PARTNER IN PROGRESS  
IN MORE THAN 70 LANDS**

PETROLEUM PRODUCTS *serving Europe, Africa, Asia, America*

CA353-57

## OLD BUFFERS

*Desmond O'Grady*

THE usual Sunday morning atmosphere prevailed on that occasion: everyone was more relaxed than during the weekly rush for breakfast but there was still sufficient tension for several arguments to start. Some were rushing to be at Mass on time, others had been and wanted to know why the hurry, yet others had just risen, they were going later and did not want to be hustled. The family's blood ran slowly in the morning, from the head to the stomach, and each was prepared to eat the other if they could not find food. All seemed to crowd into the kitchen, burning toast in the confusion, pouring the interminable cups of tea, expressing their opinions on the others of the family and the world in general. My uncle Finn would be found in the pantry with his hand in the biscuit tin by someone rushing out either to Mass or away from an argument. Somebody would be in the backyard—I should like to call it a garden but the largest space was bare trodden earth covered with clinker to prevent it becoming a marsh in winter—whipping with a towel and asking at the top of his voice who was coming for a swim.

That all this was proceeding at the same time may seem incredible but then so was the scene itself. Hence I spent a lot of my time laughing. I would be seated astraddle a chair, chin on the back of it, munching the toast distributed by several relays of breakfasters. Still not old enough to be intent on going somewhere but not so young as to regard this menagerie without curiosity I passed hours laughing 'vacantly', as one of my aunts told me, subjected to the family's copious and conflicting didacticisms.

Laughter was all right in its place but I was the last born of a distinguished family of scholars and poets. Our greatness lay in the dim past on the other side of the world but my grandmother didn't allow us to forget it. There might have been humour in that too; it was suspected that she was creating a myth rather than reviving a memory. Still we liked to believe in that nobility though at times it was difficult.

My grandmother's repeated promise was: 'I'll make you as wise as I am.' One of her ways of doing this was to read the newspaper aloud, item for item, with a free running commentary. Seated in her dressing gown at the table, for she never

went to Mass although expecting the others to go, she would read throughout the activity and in spite of her children's requests that she stop. If she tired of the incest, larceny, arson and lust of the wicked world and placed the paper aside another would take it up, insist vainly on everyone's attention and read out what was new and terrible. That Sunday morning she was reading Saturday's local paper to a shifting population. I was a fairly permanent audience fed on toast and a vague interest which sharpened as I heard her reading:

#### THE WRETCH

With shame and indignation we observed the behaviour of one of the district's veterans last Thursday in and about Ridley's saloon.

This insatiate and shameless oldtimer recklessly prostituted his white hairs and the dignity he should have in an exhibition of mindless dissolution which could only corrupt the youths who witnessed it. He was on most familiar terms it seems with some of these young citizens of the future and that gives ground for alarm.

We presume this toper finds the money for his dubious entertainment supplied by the Welfare State. Each month he receives his pension—we nearly wrote drink money. Such weeds must be expected to flourish as long as the State hands out money indiscriminately to all and sundry.

This satyr, as he swills and seduces, carried an honoured emblem (how he obtained it is another matter) that of a Boer War veteran. He disgraces not only himself but the Empire.

My grandmother finished with a flourish. She was horrified not at the Empire style but at this conclusive proof of the world's decadence discovered, as it were, right in our own backyard.

'Well,' she asked as if injured and satisfied, 'what is the world coming to?'

I had no ready answer for despite the damning evidence she always broadcast I had not had a worry regarding the future until this last notice. Now the toast stuck in my gullet and I washed it down with milk.

Her question was rhetorical and she was so far from suspecting that this decadence was in her own backyard or, to be more precise, in the breakfast room listening to the news, that she did not observe my concern. At that moment my uncle Finn came in from the pantry carrying handfuls of biscuits which he intended to sandwich with jam so she invited him to read it. 'Why do they let such people free?' she asked. 'I'd put him in an institution.'

Uncle Finn read it. He wasn't as silly as he looked and possibly suspected that he knew the wretch. 'What do you think of that?' Finn crunched a few biscuits as he was giving his broken reply that some reforming wowsers had seized control of the local

rag; a pack of old women who did nothing but whinge was his description. My grandmother said such scoundrels as this drunkard should not be allowed to mix with other people. Corrupting the young, she summed up.

Corrupting the aged and venerable should have been the charge, with me as culprit. I recalled the scene which was no part as riotous as the description of it. I came to the house regularly to take my grandfather for a check on his heart condition. Sometimes we would go to the doctor's and leave as neither of us had the patience to wait in the musty room with gossiping women and snivelling abcessed babies. At other times we didn't even test our patience: if it was a warm day we'd head for the seawall at the south end of Armstrong Street, otherwise we'd make for the pub at the other end. My grandfather liked to yarn with his old mates, but on this occasion there was no one to be seen in the hotel. Mine host at the *Bull and Mouth* was an unpleasant piece of work, so my grandfather adjourned with me to the local billiard saloon. Seated in the corner there, he dozed off, which was just how we expected old people to behave; but after some time he woke, took an interest in the surroundings, and started to talk to the odds and sods there, my friends the up-and-coming larrikins of the district, of other billiard games and other players. They took to it quite kindly. Tuga Walsh handed him a cue and invited him to give a demonstration. Screwing up his bad eye he cued with deliberation and style: left-handed, the boys named him Lindrum. There was some fracas in the room later and enough noise all the time but nothing unusual. Then back home, with my grandfather satisfied he'd had more benefit from the outing than any doctor could give him.

The drama was all in that writer's head. There had been a shove and scramble in the billiard saloon but that was not exceptional. It ended with Wires Maguire pouring a bucket of water over the brawlers, and was started by some of my grandfather's inflammatory phrases, but he was not involved. Someone chided him on the Boer War badge he bore. That gave an excuse for stories I'd often enough heard: of himself and his mad Irish mates of Emerald Hill enlisting because they thought they would be fighting against the English, of his lecturing Winston Churchill and putting some heart into that youngster when he was afraid, and other fantastic exploits. The boys' imaginations were fired by these accounts so they carried on the English-Irish dispute on the spot.

I now regarded the events with some tinge of guilt but even

so they didn't seem dramatic; I only hoped grandmother wouldn't discover her husband was the villain and her grandson his accomplice.

My hopes were confounded. The next time I visited the house I was under a cloud not because I had led my grandfather astray but because I hadn't admitted this longstanding deception. It was never clear how my grandmother had discovered the truth, nor what had followed, but there was still sullen thunder in the air when I arrived. All I learned definitely was that I wouldn't be going to the doctor's with my grandfather any more; instead they were arranging for the doctor to come to the house.

My grandfather was more or less under house arrest so, as I held myself responsible, I stayed with him rather than with my grandmother. We spent most of the time in the backyard for this was his kingdom while my grandmother presided over the house. His kingdom seemed drab but in reality was intricate and rich.

At the bottom of the yard was the shed, a substantial structure of two rooms, one of which was concrete-floored and rented to our neighbour for his high-standing old car. We were at war with our neighbours or, at least, with the woman of the house who, we suspected, spied on us through the wooden fence, but we extracted a weekly rent for that car and all the work entailed was sliding aside the back wall on the rare occasions the machine was used. This back wall, an invention of my grandfather, sometimes slipped its rollers and two men were needed to lift it into the groove again.

One level higher than the garage was the workshop: everything there was old, ordered, tradesmanlike. My grandfather worked in the light coming from the cobwebbed window and all he needed was handy. He could refer to bottles and tins which, it seemed, had been closed since the opening of Federal Parliament House commemorated in a photo on the wall and, after a squint-eyed search, he'd always find them.

The air was usually impregnated by the smell of varnish as I sat and watched my grandfather working with the dark-brown handled tools at the scarred bench. It is always a pleasure to watch others work and here more than ever as I was learning something that ran in my blood. Not that my grandfather talked much. Rather I learnt instinctively: on reflection I see the character that was shaped and handed down by that body, compact, well preserved, wiry, the hair thinning but tenacious, grey-blue eyes shielded by a hand or eyeshade as he carefully examined a shoe to be repaired; good, strong nostrils as we

used to say, the mouth slightly crooked from chewing on the one side all the time, the fine hands, the steady walk. There was all a history in it: the assurance of a man who had built something and who could stand alone. At his age he was at one with his qualities: thrift, perseverance, judgment; the generous instincts were seen as rarely as the passions. Back of it all lay loneliness, pride and will. But will above all and everything. That was my training, a hardening of the will, the invincible will that leashes all the other powers and triumphs over any weakness of the body. Absolute will that cannot relinquish once it sets itself a task, that lives on even when the body fails as too weak to realize its designs. The will that overshoots its object, that devours its object. And the certainty that comes from will. But only later I learnt its ruthlessness, its despite for the flesh, for human concern, and of how it dams the springs of emotion. My grandfather's will kept the house standing. It was a large white timber house; he himself had built it plus all the outbuildings: sleepout, lavatory, wash-house, and three rooms all of brick, together with the workshop and garage. He kept that white monster in good repair as he was always tinkering about the outside, but if my grandmother wanted anything done inside the house he'd take a month to start.

He was so identified with it that, as a boy, my father had told him during an argument to 'get under the house and blow yourself up'. Inside however his wife ruled: another will, and opposed, of course. And their brood five other wills, sheer enough with no ground given. Will is an absolute dictator, a conqueror demanding unconditional surrender. I'm not talking about selfishness which is a common defect and rather miserable. This was on a grand scale and classic in its intensity. My grandparents were equal and opposed forces so they had agreed on spheres of influence, but each of their children still believed in his or her ultimate victory.

The battle of wills was as silent and steady as the blood flowing in the veins: it did not erupt in melodramatic incidents. It was so constant it was the unconsidered stuff of life, only visible when two would reach checkmate in an argument; for no one ever gave ground, and they would each stare hateful into the other's face (perhaps one would have a carving knife in hand for the women seemed always to gesture and illustrate their arguments with a knife) where clearly visible were the lineaments of their own face after death, the austere and noble structure common to all the family's dead. Perhaps then they understood their common root. But how disappointed we

would have been to find one of the family lacked this strength. It was our patrimony and only one thing was needed—that somebody teach us what was love. Perhaps we struggled with each other but loved the family—which is not true either as some swore they hated the family. All the same there was a lot in living together and in the reunions. Take the Saturday night scene as the chipheater warmed the water for the baths: there were newspapers spread on the bathroom floor to collect the shearings as my grandfather cut my father's hair, then he in turn cut my grandfather's and his children's amid yells and escapes. All the time there would be political or football arguments between my father and grandfather with hair tugged to support opinions and wildly chopped to emphasize points. In all that tight grappling never an inch was ceded: my grandfather would stay there arguing until my father had had his haircut, had shaved, bathed and gone off to bed. Then he'd have his bath.

I didn't understand the pattern of all this as I watched him at work during those weeks but I couldn't mistake its outline; the shape of his life was so clear and strong it impressed me, as did other things. It was a forced break in my activity, the first time I had stopped and discovered my surroundings. I remember them as charged with interest and I see all under a rain of golden autumn sunshine, shallow and fresh in contrast with the grey old surroundings. The sunlight may be that of memory; it warms, lights, refreshes the ancient apple tree straining to produce its yearly codlin moth filled crop, the grapevines along the fences souring as they aged, the scraps of lead under the corner seat which seemed as precious as uranium when they could be shaped into lifelike figures. Then there was the exploration of the junkroom next to the wash-house. Old books, buxom manikins with sturdy waists, photographs from another age were all quaint but what I returned to look at was the glass case I found at the back of the room with my grandparents' wedding cake inside, uneaten, untouched.

On Saturday mornings and each Wednesday afternoon after sport I would come straight from school to the house, even though there were no more visits to the doctor. For a year we had been living in another suburb but I still retained my friends from the time we had lived with my grandparents. For the most part I ignored them during these weeks merely having a swim by myself at the end of the street before going to my grandfather's house. I even ignored my girl friend Lynette who I imagined would be searching for me. I hoped she would find me swimming

but eventually concluded she was searching elsewhere. I did not go to her house as I had not met her yet although I was most familiar with her autumn red hair, her clear green eyes, her cream and pink complexion. Instead one morning I followed an Italian girl home whistling *You Made Me Love You*. Perhaps she didn't know the tune for, fortunately, she ignored me. But a boy with such initiative could not stay in a backyard on his free days, least of all when the Old Buffers carnival was on.

On this particular Saturday morning my father with the traditional 'it's cheaper to pay for your haircut than buy you a violin' sent me to the barber's, for I had refused to have him hack my hair any more. I took the tram for the beach and headed along to Armstrong Street where my hair had been cut once or twice before moving from the district. The street was decorated and all was ready for the Old Buffers procession which would be under way shortly. This was the yearly carnival which heralded the football season and incidently almost coincided with the beginning of Lent. It had begun Lord knows how many years ago with a barbershop argument and challenge to a football match between teams picked from the east and west sides of Armstrong Street. Now it had developed into a carnival preceded by a parade from the baths at one end of the street to the park at the other end with floats, costumes, music, stalls and all the fun of the fair.

As I walked past the gathering crowd I felt I had grown up during the year away from the district. I entered Cameron's barbershop. He had been my grandfather's and father's barber on the rare occasions they had patronized one, and he gave me adult's precedence over the other schoolchildren who had been waiting. 'What will it be,' he asked jocosely, 'haircut and shave?'

I let him cut the hair and then said, 'Shave too, Oscar'. He was startled both by the request and the Oscar instead of Mr Cameron. Nevertheless he rose to the occasion. 'With or without soap, sir?' he asked, then elaborately lathered my face preparatory to removing the light down I boasted. When I reappeared from under those white billows I imagined myself a man. 'You'll need another soon,' he promised as, leaving a row of goggle-eyed youngsters behind, I stepped into the street where the light breeze sung against my face.

Fancy free and shaven for the first time I was ready to be initiated into the other mysteries of adult life. I followed the crowd to the beachfront. There the Old Buffers were assembled and at the sound of a whistle the rucked group began to unwind into a procession. How many grotesque figures had gathered,

how many oddities to be gaped at for a moment until others took their place: men dressed as women, women as men, rolling bellies, cavorting breasts, clashing colours, braying trumpets, local figures caricatured, a man pregnant with the football of the new season, kids on bikes, women marching and calling to friends in the crowd, a band, shouting, everything was possible. The whole district was there enjoying itself. The big floats with their gigantic advertisements followed, also the lake rowing club in their scull on a trailer, but most of the crowd had moved with the first figures into the park. I followed them ready for more fun than I'd ever had before.

I was almost into the park when I saw my grandfather yarning with one of his cronies. He told me he had broken out to see the Old Buffers which he hadn't missed in fifty years; he was obviously enjoying his freedom but we both knew some bitterness at home would follow it, so I felt I shouldn't desert him. Hence I accompanied him to the pub, to the football match which was exhausting even for the spectators in the overripe heavy afternoon heat, back to the pub. We visited the stalls, the bowling club, the pub again. My grandfather took it all in with enjoyment but I dashed off every now and again to those highly-coloured adventures which I imagined were awaiting me now that I'd shaved. But always I returned to my grandfather although hoping that he'd tire and I could take him home. He didn't tire, he seemed to have recaptured his youth and to prosper in the company of the friends he had missed. Six o'clock came and went, the pub closed, the light faded but not my grandfather's energy or eloquence, nor the day's heat. It was a sultry dusk with all life suspended in a breathless waiting. My grandfather and his friends started to walk towards the lake while I had a few desultory kicks of a football with a youngster. They turned back however, red in the face from the beer and the heat, (my grandfather I saw was perspiring) and set off for the seafront. My grandfather was making a real feast of his freedom, he had missed lunch and would now miss dinner.

Most people had finished their evening stroll along the seawall when we arrived. Night came quickly but the sky was suffused with a dull sandy light as when there are extensive bushfires in the country. Some of the carnival crowd were grouping on the beach to eat the mussels thrown up during the previous night's storm and to quench the thirst they raised with beer. We squatted on the beach with them. My grandfather's thirst was unslakable but then he had been talking solidly since morning. He kept me in the party by giving me mussels and

beer, with instructions to drink it slowly as he did to avoid drunkenness. Moreover he was particularly anxious to tell his friends what a fine fellow I was and would be. He was fiercely attached to life that night; I was bored. Bored with these old buffers, bored with their stories of how they had lived, bored with their encouragement. It was my turn to live, I was waiting and ready for something to happen to me. I felt my chin to see if there was a harsh crop of bristles. Nothing.

While they were talking I had placed myself where I could see, some distance away, Shirley, Lynette's elder sister, and the smart-alec cashier from the local bank. Blonde, she had on a pink low-cut dress Lynette sometimes wore. They weren't eating mussels; she was doing everything possible to entice him, throwing her head back to laugh, stretching, brushing sand off her leg. I cursed her. Where was Lynette? I had been hoping to see her all day and had wanted to get rid of my grandfather because of this. Now Shirley was lying on the sand. Lying! I looked away. Against the seawall behind us I noticed Joe, the Italian oil-monkey at the local garage, seated on his motorbike with the Italian girl I had serenaded standing alongside. He was holding her by the shoulder and talking in a low voice. He slapped her face gently two or three times then, taking her cheek between thumb and forefinger, he shook her head thoroughly. No sound came from her. I watched, fascinated. At intervals he repeated the lesson three or four times. That was the way to handle women, they took to being bossed. What had she done? Where was Lynette? When was I going to start living?

I'd suggested to my grandfather a number of times that we go home as he was supposed to take care of himself. 'I'd sooner enjoy myself and die young,' he told me, so I decided to search for Lynette. If she was behaving like Shirley with some lout I'd knock good sense into her as I'd seen Joe doing so competently with his girl friend. As I skirted the groups on the sand I imagined a hundred times that I saw Lynette and each time my jealousy and desire grew. It wasn't right that I be bound to my grandfather when I could have this beautiful girl with me in the moonlight on the yet warm sand. Next time I would certainly come alone; next time I would be completely free. Lynette was hidden in the night. I didn't find her although I tired myself by walking almost to Port Melbourne.

On my return I found my grandfather waiting; his friends told me he should have gone home half an hour ago as he was not feeling the best. I took his hand as we crossed the rocks

near the steps at the bottom of our street. The hand was hot, not with the warmth of the night but with fever. Then even I understood the thirst, the excited eloquence, the energy which was now followed by languor. Perhaps I also understood something of the mood in which he had awaited me when I'd left him through impatience: concern for me, sorrow because he would have known in his bones what the fever meant, the sense of his friends' company for the last time, of the life of the district gathered about him after yet another carnival with, as setting, the black mirror of bay beside which the family had grown, in which they'd swum, on which his son had sailed yachts, on one side the bright lights of St Kilda, St Moritz and Luna Park, on the other those of the steamers at Port Melbourne, the big ships that were always sailing out to Europe and Asia, other lands of which he knew nothing. . . .

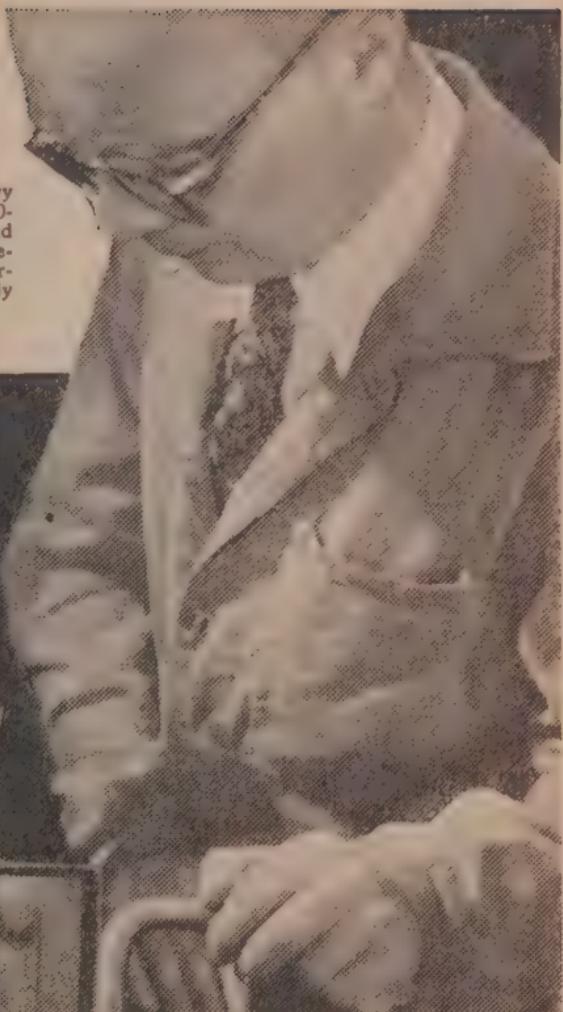
On the way home he spoke to me, with conviction, of the beauty of life. He recalled the first time he had heard of the cinema, the first film he had seen, and how much he had enjoyed going cheaply to the pictures each week. He talked of the local families and their stories. Then he told me what a fine man my father was, how much he had studied and of his youth. I was receptive, I saw I was entering into an estate. 'It's eleven o'clock and not a bone in the truck,' he finished, 'you go on home and tell your father you spent Old Buffers looking after me.'

In the morning we heard that he had a temperature but it was nothing to worry about. My father went over to see him. Three days later we were told he had quite recovered. I didn't go there from school that day as I knew they'd ask why we hadn't come home from the carnival by sundown. The next night, Thursday, was sultry. My father and mother were in bed reading with the window open for fresh air. I had been reading lying across the foot of their bed but I had dozed off. At the sound of my uncle's footstep on the verandah I awoke with the knowledge that he had come to tell my father of his father's death, just as I would awake in the night some month later knowing my grandmother had died. My father was deeply moved. Although my grandfather had died from a stroke while in the lavatory my grandmother said he'd had a heart attack jerking up that wretched garage wall which was always slipping from its runner. It was a job for two men and a more appropriate end for a descendant of the kings of Ireland.

*Desmond O'Grady*

## Imitating a 10-ton truck

This machine is used by Shell research to imitate the stresses endured by the rear axles of heavy duty trucks — for instance, a 10-ton truck climbing out of a sand pit, every inch of movement depending on small surfaces of gear-teeth in the rear axle assembly gnashing against each other.



Research techniques such as this are behind the developments of new additives in Shell fuels and lubricants, developments which save motorists and industrialists millions of pounds a year.

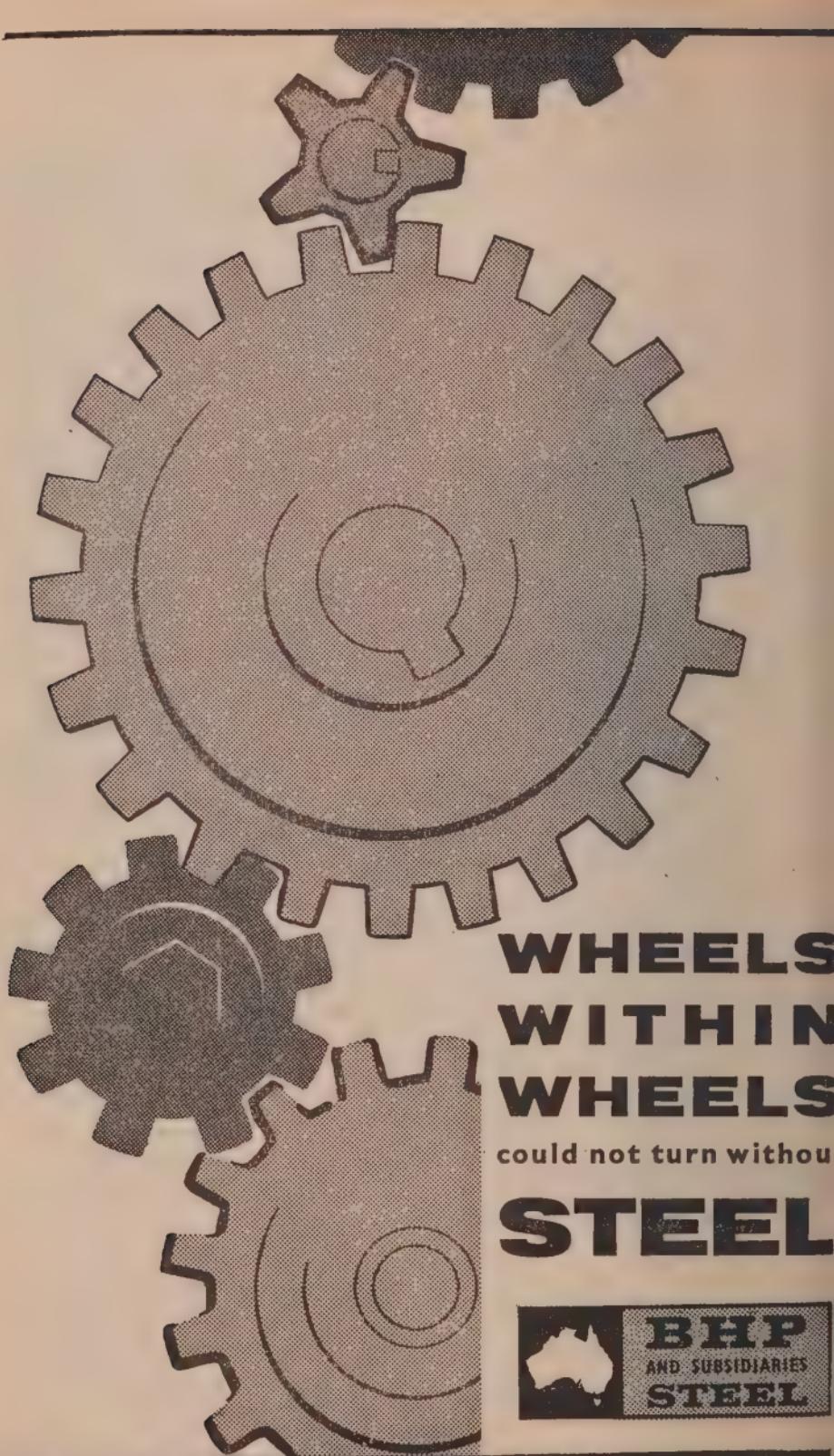
All Shell products undergo exhaustive tests under the most exacting conditions — conditions far beyond those likely to be met in actual use.

You can be sure of

SHELL SERVES AUSTRALIA



PR26/1



# **WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS**

**could not turn without**

# **STEEL**



**THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY CO. LTD., AND SUBSIDIARIES**

## WHY IS WAFFLE?

*Angus Maude*

THE British have always been pretty cynical about their politicians, and indeed about politics in general. Those who realize this do not take too seriously complaints that 'politics have become a farce'. Politics have *always* been a farce to anyone with a well-developed sense of the ridiculous, and nothing has contributed more to this absurdity than the prevalence of Waffle.

What is political waffle? I think it should be defined as utterance that sounds good but means nothing. Please note that both these qualities are essential. Plenty of political utterances are meaningless; the really choice collectors' items owe their value to the fact that they are—if this does not seem too monstrous a contradiction—superficially profound. At the very least, they should appear to make sense. Also, you should never class as waffle what is in fact the exact opposite—a speech that sounds terrible, but does really mean something. Let us suppose, for instance, that in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, you hear a Member of Parliament say something that sounds like this:

I should like to strongly ummm support what was er the ah views expressed by my Hon. Member, I mean my Hon. friend the —oh, I beg his pardon, my Hon. and Gallant friend the er Member for ah, where does Jones sit for? Oh yes, South Homeshire—what? Loamshire, yes, and in hoping, indeed urging the er well, I don't know who's replying to this debate, but perhaps it's the er yes, the Economic Secretary —much obliged—and I want him, I urge him strongly to give an ah assurance, and er yes an unqualified assurance that he that ah the Government will act ummm to er in this ah matter.

Yes, well, think what you like about the poor fellow, but the fact remains that that is *not* waffle. In next day's *Hansard*, when the experienced reporters and editors have exercised their magic touch, the passage will appear like this:

I should like strongly to support my Hon. and Gallant friend the Member for South Loamshire and to urge the Economic Secretary to the Treasury, or whichever Minister is replying to this debate, to give an unqualified assurance that the Government will act in this matter.

This is a perfectly clear and forthright statement, and was exactly what the chap was trying to say. He may be woolly-minded, he may have a mental stutter, but very often the true *waffler* is not woolly-minded at all and has a more than adequate command of language.

Why, then, does he waffle? Generally, I think, for one of two reasons. He feels compelled to speak—because he is a Minister, or because his constituents expect it, or for some inner reason that only a psychiatrist could lay bare; yet either he has nothing to say, or he dare not say what he really thinks.

Let us take an example—an imaginary extract from a Ministerial reply to a minor debate in the House of Commons. I have heard something very like this speech delivered in the House of Commons on at least a dozen occasions and as many different subjects. Indeed, its supreme usefulness lies in the fact that it can be used for almost any subject without altering more than a few names. Conscription, beef production, compulsory purchase orders, widows' pensions, tariffs, traffic congestion or Church schools—these are only a few of the topics covered by this admirably versatile oration. It goes something like this:

Well, we have had a useful debate on a subject of very great importance. I am sure we are all grateful to the Hon. Member for South Blankshire, not only for raising it but for introducing it in such a moderate and thoughtful way. Indeed, no one tonight has been concerned to raise party political points, but only to be as helpful and constructive as possible.

It is clear from the speeches in all parts of the House that Hon. Members are anxious to know what progress has been made, and also what are the Government's plans for the future. Let me deal first with the results to date.

One or two Hon. Members—notably the Hon. Members for Hogstown and West Loamshire—seemed a little disappointed with our progress, and one of them even accused the Government of 'dragging its feet'. I should like to assure him that that is far from being the case. This subject is very close to my Rt Hon. friend's heart, and he is most anxious to do everything possible to help. But there are, of course, many difficulties confronting us.

It is not true to say that nothing has been done. A great deal has been done, although it may not at first sight appear to have made a very profound impact on the admittedly unsatisfactory state of affairs that still exists. And here let me say that this is no new problem. Successive Governments have recognized the need for action, and indeed my Rt Hon. friend's predecessor in the last Administration was continually being questioned about it—notably by the Hon. Member for Cloutwash, whose knowledgeable speech tonight raised a number of points to which I cannot now reply in detail but which will certainly be very carefully studied in my Department. As I say, this is not a new problem. In fact, it is the longstanding nature of the trouble that has convinced us of the need to plan our courses of action with the utmost care.

Well, the Hon. Member says 'For God's sake do *something*!', but I hope to show him that that is exactly what we *are* doing. In the first place we now know a lot more about the nature of the problem than we did. This is principally due to the splendid work of the Digwell Committee, set up by my Rt Hon. friend two years ago; and here I am sure the House would

wish me to pay a special tribute to that great public servant Sir Henry Digwell, to whom we all owe so much. Having got the facts, we have done everything possible to get the various interests concerned to set their own house in order, because of course we should all prefer a voluntary solution to the problem if it could be arranged. But that is not so say that the Government will hesitate to act—and act promptly and firmly—if Government action proves in the end to be the only way to a solution.

Well, I hope I have said enough to show the House that the Government is fully alive to the importance of this matter, and that we have it under constant and careful review. Hon. Members may rest assured . . . and so on, and so on, and so on.

You see? That's waffle. And don't imagine that I've exaggerated. This is a popular and frequently delivered speech, well suited to its purpose, which is to stall off importunate enquiries into a matter about which the Government has no intention of doing anything.

There is also the kind of waffle produced by the man who, so far from having something to conceal, is trying to conceal nothing—because there is nothing there. He has the gift of the gab, immense self-confidence—and nothing whatever to say. Some of them get away with it for years. Now obviously it would be unwise of me to give you actual examples from life, but when I first became a student of waffle, I once in an idle moment gave birth to a masterpiece of my own—far and away my most important contribution to political thought. This, known as 'Back Bencher's Friend', or 'First Step to Ministerial Eminence', is a ten-minute speech that a Member of Parliament can carry in his pocket and deliver without warning at any moment in any debate on any subject under the sun. It has everything except a thing for getting stones out of horses' hooves. Perhaps I can give you as an illustration the first paragraph, which sets the tone:

I hope the Hon. Member who has just sat down will forgive me if I do not follow his argument into all the most interesting aspects of this question which he raised. I think the whole House enjoyed his speech, for we all recognize his great sincerity, his wide knowledge and his deep interest in this subject. Indeed, although we are on opposite sides of the House, there was much in the Hon. Member's speech with which I found myself in agreement. For this is not—or should not be—really a Party issue. It is basically a human problem affecting directly or indirectly the lives of millions of our fellow-countrymen.

We find, then, that waffle—the art of the superficially profound—can be used either to avoid saying something or to conceal the fact that you have nothing to say. There are, of course, degrees of waffle. One speaker may have a genuine idea, capable of being exhaustively discussed in five minutes, and yet insist on talking about it most exhaustingly for half an hour. Another can go on, apparently in a trance, rolling out periods

of mounting grandeur for twenty minutes or more without any recognizable idea or point of substance emerging at all.

To most people this is either boring or quite exasperating. Only the connoisseur knows how exciting it can be. The excitement lies in *waiting to see whether the speaker will actually say something*. Before long the tension is almost unbearable. Surely, you murmur to yourself, he must say something soon—if only by mistake—and the temptation to lay bets on the outcome is very strong. Indeed, keen waffle-collectors become quite competitive about their hobby, and even play it as a game, with a regular system of scoring.

You may wonder whether waffle is a comparatively new phenomenon in politics, and whether it is on the increase. Again, is it better done than it used to be, or worse? Do fashions perhaps change so much that the waffle of one generation is the noble oratory of another? I think myself that fashions don't change as much as all that; and I suspect that the same sort of people waffle in much the same way in every age. Disraeli never waffled. Gladstone, though he had plenty to say, often took an unconscionable time to say it. But Disraeli, unlike Gladstone, was a wit, and also something of a cynic. From this we might perhaps deduce the general proposition that wit inhibits waffle. I think both this and its converse are true. Wits do not waffle, and wafflers seldom have a sense of humour.

I fancy that official and Ministerial waffle *has* increased, and I attribute this to universal suffrage and modern methods of communication. In the old days, if a Minister refused to do what he was asked, nine-tenths of the population did not hear about it for weeks, if ever, and very few of them had a vote anyway. Nowadays, the thing can blow up in his face in a couple of hours, so that unpopular pronouncements tend to be wrapped up to look as innocuous as possible, like a time bomb in a box of chocolates.

Take, for example, those unhappy officials known as Spokesmen. Some of you may remember the days when enlightenment came to us from strange geometrical abstractions called 'informed circles' and 'official quarters'—not to mention a peculiar geographical feature called a 'highly placed source'. But today nearly every Government Department has a Spokesman, and he has a very difficult job indeed. I imagine that in the old days an informed circle could sit round the fire at its club and tell a newspaper man practically anything and get away with it, while a journalist who couldn't find an official quarter with something to say could always invent one and make it spill a

real bibful. But the Spokesman is right on the hot spot. He can be identified and called to account. If he says something, he can be sacked. On the other hand, if he just doesn't answer when interrogated, which would be much safer, he is hardly earning his salary as a Spokesman. Consequently, in a frenzied endeavour to say absolutely nothing in a way that will provide an impressive quotation, he is driven inexorably to waffle.

Another result of mass communication is a marked increase in the use of clichés. This is based on the belief—which I regard as both erroneous and insulting—that an idea will go over more easily and more merrily to a mass audience if it is expressed in ghastly little phrases about the team spirit and all pulling together, like a games mistress pepping up the netball side. But of course clichés can also indicate dullness of invention or just plain idleness. Anyway, clichés are without charm, whereas I hope I have convinced you that waffle can be fun. No doubt this will be a new thought to many of you but do make the most of it. You can either start collecting waffle as a hobby, or just boo loudly when you hear it, which is also fun and probably quite useful as well.

But to all of you, irrespective of class, party, race, creed or colour—dear me, I'm sorry, I can't imagine what has made me talk like that. To all you waffle-hunters, I was going to say, I recommend the old-fashioned political meeting. It does not now, alas, receive as much support as it did, which is a pity, for it offers a splendid field for the Waffle Game. But you must keep your wits about you when the speaker is an old hand. If the meeting is at all large, it is easy to get carried away and think that something is being said when it isn't. Perhaps I had better conclude by giving you an example of this. We will take the peroration of a rousing public speech:

Well, my friends, that is the record. It is not a record of which we can be proud. Much remains to be done, and we must not be complacent. But how much has already been achieved! Now the verdict is in your hands, and I know you can be relied on to decide wisely and well. Will you not ask—will not all our people demand—that the guidance of the affairs of our dear country shall be once more entrusted to those who have deserved so well of them. Peace with honour, freedom with prosperity for all—these are great ideals, and they are almost within our grasp. Let us go forward then, together, to the end of the road, and build this splendid future for our children in a Britain which shall be truly Great!

Pretty corny stuff, you say. Ah, but mix the exact proportion of ham with the corn, give it the right atmosphere and a good audience, and you'd be surprised how well it can sound.

*Angus Maude*

# Smoking CAN BE fun!

Someone once remarked that it takes a lot of people to really complicate a simple issue. Take smoking, for instance. People have been doing it for years and find it quite easy and quite pleasant. Basically, you have a cylinder of tobacco wrapped in paper. You light one end and draw in the other. So—just in case you find yourself groping in a fog of doubt after reading about cigarettes being invested with disturbing semi-human attributes like talking and breathing—it may be reassuring to take out a Craven "A"—contemplate it for a moment to get the feel of it—just in case. Then light it up and rediscover that here indeed is one of life's minor but quietly satisfying pleasures—and no different from what you hoped for. For Craven "A" gives you more of what a cigarette's for—just pure smoking enjoyment from beginning to end.



R179/7/60

# REPORT ON COMMUNES IN RED CHINA

*Bernard Yoh*

**N**UMEROUS reports have been made about Communes on the mainland of China, but somehow, the way millions of Chinese 'live' today is still not fully realized in the minds of the people of the Free World. The writer of this report had the rare opportunity in Hong Kong of making contact with, and winning the confidence of, several persons who left Red China as recently as last spring. The report is an attempt to explain life in China under Communism, from material gathered piecemeal through days of conversation.

On a straw mat, around 5 or 6 a.m. (this varies according to the season of daylight), you are awokened by the sound of reveille over a loud-speaker, and a cheerful voice saying: 'Comrades, Comrades, another bright day is here—another day for you to have the opportunity to serve the glorious revolution in the building of the Socialist world. Another day to have the opportunity to express your wishes in combating the imperialistic world and Capitalistic system in which millions are still enslaved. Let us sing! Let us fight! Let us work! You jump up to dress as quickly as possible in the clean clothes you received the previous night from the Clothing Depot, and rush to be among the first to get to the Washing Section where you wash yourself as quickly as possible. It usually takes only a few minutes. A crisp military march is played during this time over the loud-speaker. It is of the utmost importance not to waste a single minute in the building of the Socialist world, and you are constantly reminded of this fact.

From the Washing Section, you rush over to the large open area, find your place in line with others, and wait for the loud-speaker to give the routine of your morning exercise. 'One—two—three—four—up—down—three—four. . . .' This lasts for ten, fifteen and sometimes even twenty minutes. You then rush back to the bunk, pick up the clothes you wore yesterday and, in line with others, march to the gathering centre to deposit the clothes in the Clothing Depot. Next, you march into the Mess Hall where you pick up utensils and, still in line, you receive a cup of hot water (except on days of celebration, when you may find tea leaves floating in a large container), and two ladles of a pasty substance. Quickly, you find a place to sit and consume your ration for the morning. If you are interested in the substance of what you are being fed, you will find on the wall of

the Mess Hall a large chart describing the chemical content and the nutritional value of this highly advanced form of human diet. Occasionally, the loud-speaker will inform you that this soft diet is the most nutritious and healthful form of food yet devised by man. There are times when the mention is made that it is even superior to the diet Morgan consumes in America (referring to the late J.P.Morgan). Sometimes it will go into detail telling you the reasons why it cannot possibly give you ulcers, or harm the porcelain of your teeth. If you are one of those ultra-inquisitive persons, you will scoop this substance up and taste it carefully, but you will still be puzzled as to its contents, because it is almost without taste of any kind. Of course, at times, you may find a piece of bone from an unknown animal, or a piece of vegetable so well cooked that you are unable to determine or identify the botanical species.

The system actually gives you fifteen minutes to enjoy your free meal, but usually you can finish it in less than ten, sometimes five is enough. If you take less than the allotted time, you are occasionally praised for your enthusiasm for your work and your anxiety to get your work going. You then file out to the Tool Centre to pick up tools, rush back to the line and march to the field of your work, singing songs of revolution and chanting slogans which promise the conquest of the world for Communism.

At the assigned work area you work feverishly while listening to various programmes from the loud-speaker. It blares music and endless new information of the progress and struggles of Comrades near and far. Whatever you may be working at—ditch digging, iron smelting, dam building, steel tempering or seed planting, you work at a feverish pace because you must be better than the other person . . . better because *you* are important. They constantly tell you so. You, practically alone, shoulder the immense task of world revolution. Your hard work, of course, is always rewarded by a warm pat on your shoulder or a handshake from the comrade in charge of your group, or a different undershirt with the red characters 'Hero', or you may even hear your name mentioned over the loud-speaker as an example for others to follow. You may be tired and weary from lack of sleep, or if you, occasionally, should be sick, somehow you are always able to squeeze out still more energy, some unaccounted strength to contribute to the building of the new world.

Now comes the rest period. The loud-speaker informs you of it. With your tools in hand, you go swiftly to the nearest loud-

speaker to sit down and rest, but the loud-speaker is telling you something. It may inform you of a recent aggression of American Imperialists, or the poor innocent underprivileged people in Lebanon, or perhaps the intricate workings of Socialistic progress towards Communism. Whatever it may be, you listen carefully, because at night you don't want to miss your chance to show your fullest interest and understanding of these problems—ignorance is non-existent in this living paradise. Of course, there are those who are physically weak and mentally retarded, who cannot fully utilize this opportunity to be enlightened. We know how to criticize them. We know how to tell them that they don't belong to this dynamic age of magnificent achievement.

Ten minutes later, when the rest period is over, you rush back to your work, trying to do a little more, a little bit harder, because you are not only rested, but have been given new aims to strive for, new horizons to look forward to.

Presently, you are informed by the loud-speaker of the lunch hour. They very obligingly say thanks for you to Chairman Mao. You gather at the feeding area, if you are in the field, but if you are near the centre you, of course, march back to the Mess Hall. You don't have to bother yourself wondering what your meal will be, it is much the same as the one you had the day before, in fact, a few hours ago for breakfast plus, sometimes, a 'soup'—a slightly salted liquid with a little oil floating on the surface. Occasionally you may find leaves of a vegetable or a few bones or, perhaps, some meat scraps, some skin or some bones. Oh yes, by now you have learned not to chew the main course, because it frequently contains particles of sand or even small bits of stone. There were occasions when a comrade complained to the comrade in the Cooking Brigade about these strange substances. This was referred to the Cleaning Brigade, who referred it to the Acquiring Brigade. The Acquiring Brigade reported it to the Storage Brigade, who in turn checked the Transportation Brigade . . . these strange substances remain.

You consume your lunch in a still shorter period than the time granted to you and back you go to your work until sundown, with another rest period in between. During this rest period the loud-speaker elaborates on the theme given in the morning rest period. If you are one of those intelligent enough, and pay close enough attention to it, you will be able to catch the ideal answers to the questions you will be asked later on in the evening. With the loud-speaker informing you of the end of the day, you and your comrades march back singing, with your tools.

Back in the centre, you deposit your tools and then go back

to the Mess Hall to enjoy the last meal of the day. When that is over you will utilize the remaining daylight either by putting in a few hours of drilling with wooden guns, or at your favourite hobby . . . such as wood chopping, furnace blasting or rock moving. You don't have to worry which of these hobbies to choose tonight. The comrade in charge of your group will inform you in advance. When darkness prevails and it is no longer possible to further contribute physically, you are gathered into large halls or barns for the purpose of advancing yourself mentally in subjects such as the Philosophy of Marxism, the Revolution of Lenin and the Struggle of Mao Tse-Tung. You are further educated in the up-to-date events of the world regarding the spread of the revolution of the classless in the areas of Africa and Asia. Starvation and deprivation in Capitalistic countries such as America and Western Europe, and racial inequality everywhere outside the Socialist republics are also covered. You fully express and discuss these topics here, and you will always find unanimity in resolutions and conclusions. Hours later you are told to 'save your energy, and even though you are still filled with ambition and enthusiasm, go back to your quarters and rest for the night, so that you will be able to contribute even more the next day'. You pick up a new set of clothes, washed and, if necessary, mended, which are to be used the next day. You then march back to your quarters as the loud-speaker bids you good night.

In areas where Communes are not yet on a maximum scale, you would probably go back to the old house that once sheltered your parents. In the old days you called it home. It is a place where you live with the opposite sex to whom you are married and with the children, if you have any. But in areas where the Communes are on a one hundred per cent level, you would be quartered with your fellow-workers in newly built dormitories. Each one houses a great number of comrades, mostly in the same age group. Men, women and children are housed in separate areas, which assures fullest efficiency in their respective and specific fields. Married couples have occasions to be together between working periods either monthly or bi-monthly.

If you happen to be old, the routine of work is slightly different. You are given softer work, such as cooking, sewing, mending, washing, drying, wood cutting, caring for babies, etc. The drive to achieve and produce is nevertheless the same. When you have reached the point where, physically, you cannot produce more than what you consume the time has come, without your knowing it, for you to be fed an additional sub-

stance which will put you to an eternal sleep, without pain or suffering. But such cases are usually not necessary. During the work period even the oldest and the most feeble perform magnificently. Often they do such heavy, menial work that a young man in the Capitalistic world could be easily put to shame.

Since the end of 1957 the system has abolished full-time students. So if you happen to be a person in the student age group you will be working and even competing with the older people who are full-time workers; but as students you will have a chance to take part in various experiments and special programmes of stamina building. In the new programme in which the human body is put into full usage, for instance, you may be assigned to grave digging brigades, to dig up graves. You sort the wood of the coffin to determine which is still usable as lumber and which should be smashed to make pulp for paper products. The bones are collected for the laboratory where it is decided if they still can be used for chemical or medical purposes, or if they are to be ground for fertilizer. Or you may also be assigned to the detail where a fresh corpse is put into a shallow pit for a few days. Worms are produced by the decaying corpse, and are collected to be fed to the chickens. When the worms are no longer available from that corpse, you separate the bones from the remains, and collect different substances, according to instructions, during the various stages of decomposition. Through all of this, you do not use masks to cover your face nor do you express any dislike for the odour, as this would evidence weakness. You encourage yourself and others to realize that this is done to build the beautiful world of the future.

This last information came from a sixteen year old boy who, before he was able to leave China for Hong Kong, actually spent four months on such a detail. He told it in a matter-of-fact way, which made the writer of this report feel more upset than anyone possibly could be by merely reading about it. It is impossible to paint a full picture, or give a full description of how the Chinese live on the mainland, but this report is an honest attempt to give, as accurately as possible, a general view of the Commune system without comment and largely using the Communists' own language.

*Bernard Yoh*

## THE MOABIT SONNETS OF ALBRECHT HAUSHOFER

ALBRECHT HAUSHOFER's eighty sonnets written in the Moabit gaol in Berlin are the finest poetic legacy of Germany's terrible years.

Haushofer's father was Hitler's famous geopolitical expert. The son was a man of profound humanist culture, who occupied the Chair of Political Geography at Berlin until deprived of his post in 1941. He wrote a number of historical dramas. Opposed to the war from the beginning, and convinced it would bring destruction on the German people, he took the lead in organizing a conspiracy to overthrow the regime, but repeated mischance frustrated his plans. He was arrested in September 1944, and shot in April 1945 in the last hours before Berlin fell. In his hand, when his body was found by his brother, was the exercise book containing the *Moabit Sonette*.

I have attempted a translation of three of the poems in the hope of conveying some idea of their quality. In these anguished meditations, with their classical firmness and clarity, the heroic and humane find expression once more. The spirit has learned to say 'the uncomfortable, merciless and inexorable No' to the evil which corrupts and destroys; in the solitude of the death-cell it makes its stations before the things a man must love and serve if humanity is not to be betrayed. Perhaps it is not surprising that here the much-discussed 'problem of modern poetry' seems suddenly not to exist.

J.McA.

### COMPANIONS

Today as into torpid dreams I sank,  
I saw the whole crowd pass across the scene:  
Saw Yorck and Moltke, Schulenberg, Schwerin,  
Hassel and Popitz, Helferich and Planck—

Not one but of his duty was aware,  
Not one but was to interest a stranger;  
In glory and in power, in deathly danger,  
They took the people's life into their care.

Look at them well: they are worth contemplating:  
They all had intellect and rank and name;  
On the same errand to these cells they came,

And for them all the hangman's noose was waiting.  
At times rule passes to a madman's gang,  
And then the best heads are the ones they hang.

## ACHERON

If on the gods above there's no reliance  
Then in the depths must Acheron be stirred.  
So runs a poet's memorable word:  
My father often said it in defiance.

His eye was blinded by the dream of might.  
But I have known the misery and shame:  
Destruction, famine, slaughter, wounds and flame,  
The shuddering horror of a devils' night.

Farewell to everything that life holds dear  
Deliberately and often I have said—  
To country, love, and work, to wine and bread.

Now, overreached by darkness, I am here;  
And Acheron is close and life is far.  
A weary eye looks vainly for a star.

## MOTHER

I see you standing in the candle's glow,  
Framed in a doorway's heavy arch of stone.  
You feel the mountain coolness moving down.  
It's chilly, Mother . . . but you do not go.

You watch me hurry off to that unsure  
Remainder that my fate holds in its keeping;  
You smile with such a smile as is pure weeping,  
And feel the pain for which there is no cure.

I see you standing in your lovelight's glow,  
And on your forehead as your white hair lifts  
A cold breath from enormous darkness drifts.

You watch me vanish, then your head sinks low.  
The candle's beams are still thrown far and wide—  
It's chilly, Mother . . . Mother—go inside.



## THE CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

*A purely mutual All-Australian Life Office*

### PROVIDES A COMMUNITY SERVICE

It encourages and rewards thrift

It enables its Policyholders to provide for their future and for their dependents at a time when such provision is mostly urgently needed

The whole of its distributable surplus goes to the Policyholders in the form of bonuses

It enables investments of up to £400 a year as a deduction from Income for Taxation purposes

#### THE INVESTMENT OF THE POLICYHOLDERS' FUNDS ASSISTS —

The development of Australia by large subscriptions to Commonwealth Loans and loans raised by semi-Government and Local Government Bodies

The provision of homes for the people by Loans to home purchasers

The development of primary industries by rural loans

The development of secondary industries by loans and by purchase of shares in industrial undertakings

## THE CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

*Incorporated in New South Wales, 1878*

#### HEAD OFFICES:

N.S.W.: City Mutual Building,  
60-66 Hunter Street, Sydney.  
Telephone: BW 2021.

VIC.: City Mutual Building,  
459 Collins Street, Melbourne.  
Telephone: MB 2561.

Q'LAND: City Mutual Building,  
307 Queen Street, Brisbane.  
Telephone: 31-2371.

S.A.: City Mutual Building,  
118 King William Street, Ade-  
laide. Telephone: W 7031.

W.A.: City Mutual Building,  
62 St. George's Terrace, Perth.  
Telephone: 23-1451.

TAS.: City Mutual Building,  
22 Elizabeth Street, Hobart.  
Telephone: 2-2504.

## MUST MORALITY BE 'TRUE'?

A COMMENT ON KURT BAIER'S VIEWS

*Arnold S. Kaufman*

WHEN a man is prepared to give his life for an ideal, he wants to believe that his commitment to the ideal is more than mere opinion. The same tends to hold for lesser sacrifices. Moreover, if someone has a deep moral conviction he wants everyone to hold that conviction. Sentiments like these inevitably result in widespread condemnation of sceptical philosophers who deny that moral judgments can be either true or false. These sceptics are condemned in print, from the pulpit, and in the classroom as nihilists, anarchists, fascists, and worse.

The claim that considerations of truth and falsity ultimately have no relevance to moral judgments runs foul of the community's most conservative sentiments. Don't men of ordinary common sense believe that their most basic moral commitments are true? Haven't these sceptical philosophers simply performed verbal tricks in order to arrive at their extraordinary conclusions? Indeed, aren't they simply trying to shock for the sake of shocking—or perhaps for the sake of showing how clever and eccentric they can be?

Yet the sceptical philosophers seem to have powerful reasons on their side. They point to the vast differences among moral beliefs that occur in different societies. They argue with considerable plausibility that truth and falsity are properties of statements like, 'the chair is brown', ' $E = mc^2$ ', and '2 plus 2 equals 4', and that moral judgments are fundamentally different than statements of these types. They elaborately and persuasively show the way in which our moral convictions are intimately rooted in and bound up with passions, sentiments, and attitudes in sharp contrast to statements like the *factual* and *mathematical* ones illustrated above. All too often one gets the impression that the critics of the sceptics' views counter with invective rather than reasoned argument.

Not so Kurt Baier<sup>1</sup>. In his book, *The Moral Point of View* (Cornell University Press), Professor Baier tries, in a reasonable and detailed way, to show just why the man of common sense is correct, and the philosophical iconoclast wrong about the nature of moral judgments. His strategy is basically simple. He tries

<sup>1</sup> Professor of Philosophy at Canberra University College.

to do three things: to show that there is an absolute morality, to show that this absolute morality (which is 'the moral point of view') is true, and to argue that any particular morality which embodies the moral point of view is true in virtue of this fact, whereas any that does not is false.

Baier's description of 'the moral point of view' is not in any way unusual. It is a sort of Kantianism crossed with Aristotelianism, and all put to the test of common moral sentiment. Baier's conception of the moral point of view conforms to the conception of morality men commonly hold. This emerges quite clearly in his argument against the belief that self-interest is the moral point of view. The argument consists essentially of the following: an essential aim of the moral point of view is that of resolving conflict. But if everyone takes self-interest as an ultimate aim, then conflicts would occur which it is *in principle* impossible to resolve. Therefore, egoism cannot be the moral point of view. Moreover, the moral point of view as ordinarily understood requires that we act on the basis of *principles* even if so acting is 'unpleasant, painful, costly, or ruinous to oneself'. Therefore, again, self-interest cannot be the moral point of view.

In addition to conflict-resolution and adherence to principle, the moral point of view has a third formal element. Moral principles are universally binding. Moral rules 'are not the preserve of an oppressed or privileged class or individual'.

Finally, besides the formal elements, Baier thinks the moral point of view has two more substantial elements. They are: that moral rules should be for the good of everyone alike; and that one should always act so as to restore the moral balance. The first element can be restated as the negative of the golden rule: 'Don't do unto others as you would not have them do unto you.'

The conception of the moral balance is particularly important—and puzzling. It is in this respect that Baier becomes most Aristotelian. What he has in mind comes out most clearly in relation to punishment. Punishment replaced revenge when men sought to deter at the same time as they sought to restore the moral balance. But even if punishment failed to deter, it would be right to punish the wrongdoer. For: 'The infliction of hardship on a given individual is justified by his prior violation of a primary moral rule (e.g. Thou shalt not kill). There is now no aggrieved person left. Punishment has restored the moral equilibrium.' In general, people should get what they deserve—and what they deserve is determined by the primary moral rules of a community upon which the only restrictions are those

imposed by the moral point of view as so far formulated. 'Giving to everyone what he deserves is in fact what "doing justice" means.'

Having stated the moral point of view, Baier gives his reasons for considering it *true*, and all incompatible points of view *false*. Though the moral point of view is not unusual, his case for the claim that it is true is very strange. Not only that, it is fundamentally unsound.

There are three stages to his argument. In the first, he argues that the claim that something is a good reason for pursuing a course of action is either true or false. In the second, he argues that the claim that some reason is better than some other is either true or false. And in the third he argues that the moral point of view is not only true but superior to all other kinds of reasons, and particularly reasons of self-interest.

His case for the first claim—that the statement that something is a good reason for a course of action is either true or false—consists in his arguing that one particular reason is in fact true, and in the course of his argument describing the pattern according to which the truth or falsity of any similar claim can be assessed. The particular reason, the truth of which he tries to show is: 'The fact that I enjoy something is a good reason for pursuing it.' The argument consists in his trying to show that the reason is *better than* its contradictory and contrary. He argues that it would be *mad* to accept the contrary as a principle (the fact that I enjoy something is a good reason *against* doing it). The contradictory (the fact that I enjoy doing something is *not* a good reason for doing it), though not *mad*, is not in accordance with reason because to follow reason must be more *rewarding* than any alternative course. Now these arguments are extremely odd. But let them pass, and let us see how this pattern of argument works for another principle which Baier endorses.

Consider the claim that restoring the moral balance is a good reason for injuring a wrongdoer. The contradictory is: 'Restoring the moral balance is not a good reason for injuring a wrongdoer.' Which reason is it better to accept? If I refrain from injuring a wrongdoer then there is one less human injury in the world. All other things being equal, this is certainly *better than* a world with one additional human injury. On the other hand, what purpose is served by restoring the moral balance? Is this an elliptical way of saying that it is right to satisfy the spirit of revenge? And is it better to satisfy the spirit of revenge than not? Obviously we have to invoke *higher* moral principles in order to settle this question. The point is, the very notion of one reason's

being better than another presupposes some higher principle. The only reason why this is not clear in Baier's example is that the reason considered—that the fact that I enjoy something is a good reason for pursuing it—is precisely the sort of reason which everyone except certain ascetics (who are, therefore, mad) would assent to instinctively. Almost any other reason he might have chosen would not have seemed so 'certain'.

Baier put the burden of further proof on his reader. But this is philosophical gamesmanship. It is really not worthy of him to use that ploy after having conducted an argument during the course of his book which, while not always sound, is always serious and considered. When he came to his central claims I have the feeling that he became so desperately anxious to extract the conclusions he set out to prove that serious deliberation was thrown to the winds. (How else can one possibly explain his extraordinary, even if somewhat irrelevant, contention that: 'Premises of an argument are true if the argument is valid and the conclusion is true.') All men are snails; all snails are mortal; therefore all men are mortal—argument valid, conclusion true, therefore all men *are* snails!) Even if the argument were not silly, it would not follow that because one alternative is mad and the other incompatible with pursuit of a course which is on the whole rewarding, the original principle is *true*. It is precisely because this sort of claim is so intuitively implausible that some philosophers wish to reserve the language of *truth* and *falsity* for factual and mathematical statements.

Passing over his argument for the claim that some reasons are superior to others (which is as question-begging as the one just described), let us consider his case for the truth of the moral point of view.

Baier invokes Hobbes's aid in making his case for this contention. His statement of Hobbes's argument boils down to the following: To live in a social situation in which there are no reliable expectations about other peoples' actions is to live in a state of deadly insecurity—one in which each moment may be one's last. It is only by building into the situation fairly stable expectations about human action that any one can plan his life in any degree. This is only possible through the widespread acceptance of the moral point of view. Thus the moral point of view is true, and ought to become everyone's point of view.

This is not Hobbes's basic position. But even supposing that it were, the argument is unsound. Why is personal security desirable? Is it mad to think that it is not? But man prefers insecurity to security and order. That is at least partly why

adventurers and warriors have abounded in almost every society throughout the ages.

But more important, a class morality which is incompatible with Baier's moral point of view would seem to serve Hobbes's aim equally well. Imagine a society in which an elite has control of the instruments of communication, force and violence, education, and so on. Would it not be in the interests of such an elite—*has it not been* in the interests of historical elites—to accept a point of view according to which it is both right and obligatory to deceive and manipulate those who do not belong to the elite? The mass of men are moulded to prefer stations and duties which make the lives of the elite splendidly privileged at the same time as it makes the lives of the mass dull, unhappy but bearable. This state of affairs, while incompatible with the moral point of view, would certainly satisfy Hobbes's aim. Or, at least, it is not obvious that it would fail to do so. A great deal more argument than Baier has provided would be required to convince any reasonable man that the point of view ascribed to the hypothetical elite is not in their fundamental interests, security included. Baier's argument *might* hold for a society in which certain fundamental rights were already recognized and guaranteed. For then it *might* be impossible for an elite, which by hypothesis has limited powers, to impose such a class morality on the mass without jeopardizing their basic security.

The point is that a basic conception of justice is already built into Baier's notion of a point of view which *must* be in *anyone's* interest. It is precisely the egalitarianism of this point of view which is fundamental and for which one cannot account in Hobbes's terms. For surely it would not seriously jeopardize most peoples' interests if almost everyone agreed to leave one insignificant flower-pedlar's interests out of account in deciding a course of personal and social action—or even to leave the interests of one fairly small segment of a population out of account. Yet surely also it is at least plausible to claim that such an exclusion would be an abominable injustice.

If I have shown that Baier's fundamental claims are unsoundly defended, the third basic aim of his book—to show that certain moralities can be true, others false—automatically fails. It may still be that common American, English, Australian or, perhaps, Western moralities are true, and that common South African morality is false. But Baier has not been able to make a reasonable case for supposing that this is so.

Without pretending to offer a worked out alternative to Baier's views, let me suggest an alternative which, if generally

sound, would at least allay some of the anxiety, irritation, anger or rage evoked by the sceptic's denial that ultimate moral claims are either true or false.

People worry too much about truth in morality. 'Truth' is a term of prestige, but the attempt to win prestige for our convictions sometimes leads to unclarity and unreason. What seems sound is the belief that factual and mathematical beliefs like 'the table is brown', ' $E = mc^2$ ', and '2 plus 2 equals 4', are fundamentally different from moral claims like 'Thou shalt not kill', and 'One should not injure a person for something he has not done'. Moreover, these different kinds of beliefs differ in precisely those respects which make it plausible to reserve the language of *proof and disproof*, of *truth and falsity*, for the mathematical and factual claims alone, and to speak of our ultimate moral beliefs as *commitments*, or *decisions*, or simply *positions taken*. By this I mean that a person may not be prepared to give justifying *reasons* for his ultimate moral beliefs. (He may, of course, be prepared to give metaphysical or theological reasons.) This need not distress anyone as long as he bears in mind that to say that one cannot give reasons for these beliefs is not the same as saying that they are *unreasoned* or *arbitrary*. For we may only feel inclined to say that no justifying reasons can be given for a particular conviction—e.g., human life is sacred—after a very great amount of sustained, meticulous deliberation. Surely convictions arrived at *in this way* are neither unreasoned nor arbitrary—no more than sincere admission of where one stands is arbitrary in virtue of the fact that we feel compelled to admit that we have, after all due deliberation, taken a stand. But the position I have just sketched would continue to distress anyone who is not willing ever to take a stand for which he is unable to give reasons. To this person nothing further can be said except to ask him what his reasons are for thinking that everyone else should share his distress—and to point out the infinite regress implicit in his position. For we must begin somewhere.

This is not to claim that I have shown that moral beliefs differ from factual and mathematical beliefs in the way suggested. Perhaps the suggestion is wrong. Perhaps even (I do not exclude the possibility) we must give up the language of proof and disproof, of truth and falsity, relegating it to an archaic era in which men of common sense firmly and passionately thought they could reach further than they could grasp. But whatever the valid outcome of these speculations, it does not affect my main point—which is, the fact that someone is not prepared to

give reasons for our ultimate moral convictions does not mean that these convictions are thoughtlessly or shallowly held, nor that they should be. A person may be prepared to die for his child, his country, or his God because he believes it is his obligation to do so. He may, in all sincerity, and after the fullest deliberation, feel compelled to say that he can give no justifying reasons for this moral conviction. His willingness to die for his moral convictions may be none the less certain for that.

Nor does the main point preclude the possibility that fundamental moral convictions are convergent among all men everywhere. Because of inherent biological similarities and evolving social similarities, this may well turn out to be the case. All that it means is that reason, like anything else, cannot pull itself up by its own bootstraps; and that men should learn to accept the human situation even if it means altering cherished and immemorially held opinions.

*Arnold S. Kaufman*



# People in all walks of life bank at the 'Rural'

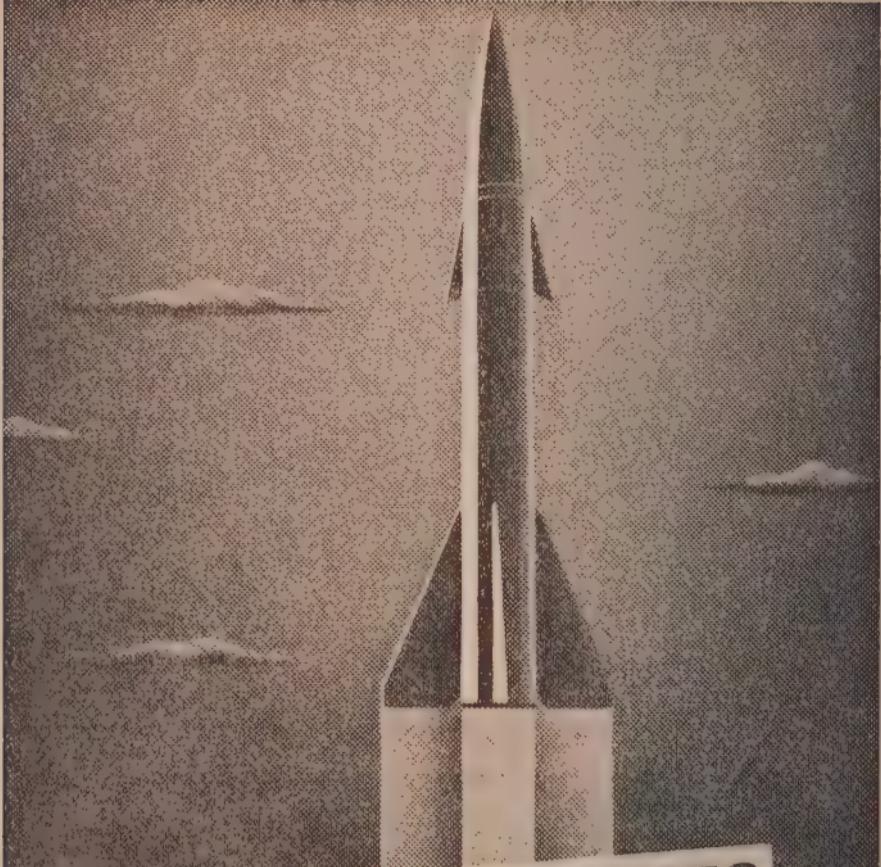
As a businessman, what do you look for when choosing a bank — convenience? Establishing a good banking connection? Full trading bank facilities? Whatever you consider the most important — the Rural Bank is at your service.

**RURAL BANK**

FOR EVERY CLASS OF TRADING BANK BUSINESS

"makes money work"

HEAD OFFICE: Martin Place, Sydney.



# NOTHING MATCHES **BORON**

An entirely NEW petrol

Rocket power for your car

More miles per gallon  
Most powerful petrol you can buy



**AMPOL** **BORON**  
SPECIAL

## MARX, ENGELS AND THE POETS

Leslie Bodi

THIS is the title PETER DEMETZ, Professor of Comparative Literature at Yale gave to his new book, *Marx, Engels und die Dichter* (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, 1959), probably the first systematic analysis of the development of Marxist aesthetics as seen by a scholar in the Western world. The Preface states the basic argument: in the revolts against terror and police rule in Hungary and all over Eastern Europe as well as in the Soviet Union itself, the lead was mainly taken by creative writers and poets. In many cases they fought Communist rule with Marxist slogans, thus showing how important and how involved 'the battle between poetic individuality and intolerant party-hierarchy' really was. In order to understand this fight the Western reader must be thoroughly acquainted with the theoretical basis and the historical roots of the much-propagated catchword of 'Socialist Realism'. Critics of literature in the Western world have in the main been exclusively absorbed in timeless, intricate and abstract interpretations of poetry, leaving an important chapter of nineteenth century history of literature 'all too carelessly to the state-employed defendants of Communism'. This is the gap Professor Demetz wants to fill with his book—and he does it very well, efficiently combining the traditional German historical method of investigation with a thorough critical analysis and evaluation of the ideas dealt with.

Students of literature who have ever had any dealings with 'Socialist Realism' know that there is nothing approaching a coherent system of Marxist aesthetics. Most quotations from the 'classics'—so very important to prove anyone right or wrong in the Soviet-type totalitarian society—are from odd phrases and remarks, many of them even taken from early letters and articles of Marx and Engels, written before 'Marxism' existed. Professor Demetz gives a highly interesting account of the circumstances which helped to shape the ideas of the young Marx and Engels. Political suppression and strict censorship, the whole intellectual atmosphere of Germany in the eighties-nineties, combined to promote the idea of the political importance of literature. Imaginative writing was one of the very few means of 'political' activity—a process characteristic of every police-state, including Fascist or Communist dictatorship. At the same time, the decline of classical standards and the rise of Historicism created doubts as to the absolute value of works of art, and critics were more and more inclined to regard them mainly as products of a certain age and a certain society.

In a series of chapters Professor Demetz shows the development of Marx and Engels in their approach to poetry, analysing the influence of contemporary writers and philosophers on the shaping of their ideas—the influence of Hegel and the Young Hegelians, of the radical German poets of the 'forties, of Carlyle and the Chartist. At a very early stage the strong economic determinism of their new creed was also apparent in their literary judgments. Even in his style Marx frequently used 'industrial metaphors' indicating the identification of artistic creation and industrial production. Professor Demetz also draws attention to individual differences between the attitudes of Marx and Engels. By no means do they present that 'monolithic' unanimity of ideas later Marxist exegesis so readily takes for granted. There are great differences in their cultural and intellectual backgrounds as well as in their artistic tastes and interests. Both, however, when faced with problems of art, came to a point where it was impossible for them to draw the final conclusions of their ideology.

Marx was brought up to hold in respectful reverence the writings of the Classics; his traditional belief in the timeless value of Greek and Latin poetry had perforce to collide with his own historical materialism. Engels, too, when forced to deal with literary questions as 'the great old man' of the movement after the death of Marx, was compelled to make more and more concessions regarding the relationship of art and literature to the 'economic basis', acknowledging the immense complexity of cause and effect, and becoming something of a 'Revisionist' himself, as Professor Demetz ironically calls him.

For the Communist and 'fellow-travelling' writers and artists of our time, the most instructive chapter of the book is the one dealing with the relations between Marx and Engels and the poets of their own time, such as Heinrich Heine and minor political poets like Freiligrath and Herwegh. Heine's ambivalent attitude to Communism is well known; his moral indignation with social injustice incited him to speak up for extreme radicalism, while his artistic creed warned him against a system that would inevitably turn against beauty and poetical imagination. The behaviour of his Communist friends seems to have justified his fears: even at that early stage Marx and Engels saw their own relationship to poets as a question rather of practical politics than of discussions about artistic ideas. It is fascinating to see how deliberately and steadily they pursue the aim of making poets subservient to their cause by using them as propagandists for their political programme, as mercurial tacticians of their closely-knit conspiratorial organization, the 'Communist League'. They ruthlessly turned against dissenting writers and against poets who, having lost their former popularity, were of no further use to them.

Professor Demetz quotes a number of highly interesting remarks by German writers and intellectuals of the nineteenth century to prove how incipient Marxism already regarded writers and artists merely as political tools. A contemporary writer tells of Marx's 'mistreating and despising' the poet Herwegh and wanting to make him and his followers 'his mere servants'. Marx himself describes his 'handling' of Freiligrath with the words: 'More or less all poets—even the best ones—are courtesans, and have to be cajoled into singing.' At that time they were still on good terms with each other. When, however, he broke with the Communists in 1860, Freiligrath wrote in a letter to Marx: 'The Party is a cage too, and it may be better, even for the Party, if the poet sings his songs outside rather than inside the cage. . . .' Engels' demand for a new censorship 'in the name of Freedom'—a censorship serving the interests of the 'less educated'—is apparent in his earliest writings. At the age of twenty-two he bitterly attacks a literary critic who had warned his contemporaries of the 'new fetters' upon writing and thinking, upon the freedom of artistic imagination which might replace the old ones after the victory of the Young Hegelian radicals.

In the late 'fifties, the socialist leader Ferdinand Lassalle wrote a historical tragedy, which he then discussed in his correspondence with Marx and Engels. The play is certainly not faultless, but Marx and Engels attacked it according to their strict historical and political categories, calling the 'formal elements' of the drama something purely 'incidental'. Lassalle argued that the strict determinism of Marxist theory is a deadly danger to art—and found out what many authors have found out since in strikingly similar debates—that his critics, in keeping with the 'party line', did not actually criticize the play he wrote but criticized him for not having written an altogether different play.

In the second part of his book, Professor Demetz deals with the later development of Marxist aesthetics. He points out that neither Marx nor Engels ever used the term 'Socialist Realism'. He traces their use of the words 'typical'

and 'realistic' words that have become extremely important in all literary controversies in the Eastern orbit since 'Socialist Realism' was established in 1934 as the compulsory dogma for all artists. In the writings of Engels different meanings of the word 'type' amalgamate. It is used in the everyday sense, denoting a person or thing that exhibits the characteristic qualities of a class or exemplifies its ideal qualities; but it also merges with the use of 'type' in the classification systems of natural history; and, last but not least, there is the theological meaning of the word, denoting a person or object or event of the Old Testament, prophetically prefiguring some person, object or event in the new dispensation. This confusion about the 'typical', as an existing and characteristic feature of life and as a symbolic element that may only come to real existence in the future – a contradiction between down-to-earth realism and messianistic symbolism – has ever since remained one of the most characteristic features of official Soviet literary theory.

The last chapters are devoted to some outstanding Marxist literary critics. The first disciples in Germany and Russia, F. Mehring (1846-1919) and G.W. Plekhanov (1857-1918) did not live to witness the final outcome of the Russian Revolution in the field of literary criticism. But the life-work of 'the last great Hegelian', George Lukács (b. 1885) exemplifies probably much more strongly than Professor Demetz believes the insoluble contradictions which any literary criticism of high intellectual and aesthetic standards has to face in a modern totalitarian society, and especially in a closed ideological system so conscious of the propagandistic importance of literature and learning as the Soviet-type state. We may doubt whether these last chapters fit neatly into the framework of the whole book. The author convincingly presents the interaction of Marxist ideas with Kantian and Hegelian aesthetic categories and with Darwinism and Positivism, as well as the continuity of some of the basic ideas of the eighteen-forties such as the priority of politics over art, the concept of artistic form as some sort of mere ornament, and so on. On the other hand, despite all elements of continuity, the situation of Marxist literary criticism has been completely different since the establishment of the Soviet totalitarian state, and the author does not analyse this new situation in sufficient detail. In a society where theoretical debates can at any time be settled by those in power through the intervention of the political police, discussions about questions of philosophy and aesthetics have taken a different shape. The greater part of the writings of Lukács, for example, notwithstanding all that connects his 'Hegelian' and 'Marxist' phases, was already strongly influenced by this fact. The literary critic in the Soviet orbit has to study the 'classics' of Marxism-Leninism (ranging from Marx, Engels and Lenin to casual remarks of local leaders in the current Party press) – not in order to receive more information or to improve his mind, but in order to have 'quotable' material to prove his point. We must always bear in mind that even dissent or rebellion in the Soviet orbit can only be expressed by the help of quotations; fighters for 'thaw' or 'liberalization' necessarily have to use quotations from the same authors as their 'orthodox and dogmatic' antagonists. The best argument is that which can be supported by the most telling 'canonical text' for that moment; the man using it has the better chance of survival. To describe the intricacies and the implications of this new situation, however, another book would have to be written describing the development of Marxist literary criticism in the last decades with the same well-founded scholarship Peter Demetz used when analysing the relationship between Marx, Engels and the poets.

*Leslie Bodi*



No country is so  
well served as Australia  
with modern passenger liners . . . under  
the flags of Britain's greatest and most  
experienced Shipping Lines

**SHAW SAVILL**

**AND**

**BLUE FUNNEL**

**P & O - ORIENT LINES**

You can have that confidence in the merits  
of ships of these famous Lines — and the  
hardy seamen who run them — which  
arises from the whole heritage  
of the British Maritime  
Tradition.

*Travel British*

KARL R. POPPER

*The Logic of Scientific Discovery*

Hutchinson. London. 72s. od.

Professor Karl Popper is something of an odd man out in contemporary English philosophy; for though he is Professor of Logic and Scientific Method at the University of London, he remains largely untouched by, and largely unsympathetic to, the movement of Linguistic Analysis. Thus, whereas the Analysts claim that there are, in fact, no specifically philosophical 'problems' to be 'solved' (for what seem to be problems are really 'puzzles' requiring to be 'dissolved'), and that it is not the office of the philosopher to provide us with any information about the world or 'what there is'. Professor Popper, on the other hand, counts himself among those 'who believe that philosophy can pose genuine problems about things, and who therefore still hope to get these problems discussed, and to have done with those depressing monologues which now pass for philosophical discussion'. Again, he strongly resists the Analysts' contention that philosophy has a wholly negative or 'therapeutic' function; for him, philosophy is a way of advancing our knowledge of the world. 'For myself', he says, 'I am interested in science and in philosophy only because I want to learn something about the riddle of the world in which we live, and the riddle of man's knowledge of that world.'

Popper's own original position was largely influenced, both positively and by way of reaction, by the logical positivism of the Vienna Circle (Schlick, Neurath, Carnap *et al.*) in the late nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties. Thus, the 'problematic' of his *Logik der Forschung*, first published in Vienna in 1934 and now, at long last, translated, with additions, into English as *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*, is largely that of the early logical positivists. For Popper, as for them, the main task

of philosophy is 'the analysis of scientific problems, theories and procedures, and most important, of scientific discussion', for it is in scientific thinking that the central problems about human knowledge arise in their most explicit and clear-cut form. If, however, Popper agrees with the logical positivists on the general method of philosophy, he uses that method, as we shall see, to reach conclusions very different from theirs.

The programme of *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*, as I have already implied, is to investigate scientific method in order to throw light on certain fundamental epistemological problems. We need not follow out here his examination of scientific concepts and procedures, an examination which ranges over the whole field of modern physics, probability theory and quantum theory in particular being discussed in great detail. What are of general interest, however, are the philosophical morals, so to speak, which Popper wishes to draw from his analysis of scientific method: the two most important being his theory of induction and his theory of 'falsifiability'.

First of all, Popper rejects the naïve idea that the method of science is that of inductive inference, so that the scientist is seen as one who observes a number of particular facts and then infers general statements or 'laws'. This view of science and of the scientist is wholly untenable, for the process of induction, on which it is based, is according to Popper, logically unjustifiable. Any attempt to justify induction, so he claims, leads to paradox for, if we attempt to justify it by reference to some 'principle of induction', the question then arises whether the principle itself is derivable from inductive inference, and so on *ad infinitum*.

In any case, Popper claims, the scientist does not in actual fact operate in the manner suggested by the inductivist view. Rather, he

approaches the empirical world through the medium of hypotheses; in other words, he advances an hypothesis and then deduces from it certain empirically testable consequences; if these predicted consequences are experimentally realized then the hypothesis is confirmed to that extent. As Novalis puts it, 'theories are nets; only he who casts will catch'.

This deductivist view of scientific method was first elaborated by Pierre Duhem in 1906, and it has since become almost commonplace. Popper, however, develops Duhem's ideas and makes what he calls 'the deductive method of testing' the distinguishing feature of the empirical sciences. And from this, in turn, he derives the important corollary that scientific generalizations are never directly verifiable but are rather 'falsifiable'. In other words, the essential feature of scientific statements is that they are open to being refuted by experience. Thus, what makes the statement 'all swans are white' a scientific one is not that we can inductively infer this from observations of particular swans, but rather that we can attempt to falsify the statement by seeking particular cases of swans that are not white.

From this point of view, the task of the scientist is *deliberately to attempt to falsify any proposed theories*, for it is only in this way that scientific progress takes place. As Popper says, 'What compels the theorist to search for a better theory . . . is almost always the experimental falsification of a theory, so far accepted and corroborated.' And, again, 'A system such as classical mechanics may be "scientific" to any degree you like; but those who uphold it dogmatically—believing, perhaps, that it is their business to defend such a successful system against criticism as long as it is not *conclusively disproved*—are adopting the very reverse of that critical attitude which in my view is the proper one for the scientist. In

point of fact, no conclusive disproof of a theory can ever be produced; for it is always possible to say that the experimental results are not reliable, or that the discrepancies which are asserted to exist between the experimental results and the theory are only apparent and that they will disappear with the advance of our understanding. (In the struggle against Einstein, both these arguments were often used in support of Newtonian mechanics, and similar arguments abound in the field of the social sciences.) If you insist on strict proof (or strict disproof) in the empirical sciences, you will never benefit from experience, and never learn from it how wrong you are.'

The wide implications of this theory of falsification are, I think, illustrated very well by a story about Popper himself recounted by one of his close friends. In the nineteen-thirties, in Vienna, Popper had apparently been interested for a time in Marxism but, so the story goes, he finally rejected it because none of the Marxists were interested in trying to 'falsify' Marx's theories. On the one hand, the Marxists claimed that Marxist theory was 'scientific'; and yet, on the other hand, they resolutely refused to admit that any empirical facts could falsify it.

It is important, however, to stress that, for Popper, the falsifiability criterion applies only to scientific statements. Thus he explicitly denies that falsifiability is to be taken as being a criterion of meaningfulness, like the 'verification principle' of the logical positivists, for example. For Popper, a statement cannot be empirical or scientific without being falsifiable; but it can perfectly well be meaningful and yet not falsifiable.

This, of course, limits the general philosophical implications of Popper's theory of falsifiability. Thus, though Popper is able to develop, in terms of his theory certain extremely acute criticisms of logical positivism (chap. V) and of 'conventionalism' (chap.

VII), his theory does not have the momentous metaphysical consequences of, say, A.J. Ayer's verificationism. That, however, is no great disadvantage and reflects no discredit on Popper's theory.

Popper writes with great clarity and forthrightness and is never afraid to state the obvious. That may seem to be an odd kind of compliment; but in these latter days of philosophical sophistication, when there are so many questions that one just does not ask, and so many things that one just does not say, asking the obvious question and making the obvious objection can be a very great virtue.

M.J. Charlesworth

PETER RYAN:  
*'ear Drive My Feet*  
Ings & Robertson. Sydney. 20s. od.

Perhaps terror can only be described inadequately by a man brave enough to know that he is afraid.

If fear drove Peter Ryan's steps—it drove them to a job well done.

He was a soldier, scarcely out of his teens, when he was ordered to patrol the Japanese-held country near Lae, New Guinea. He had a double duty before him: as an intelligence officer to report on enemy movements, and, no less importantly, as political agent to hold the native people's loyalty to the absent Australian government.

Ryan set out with all the cards stacked against him; for he was a newcomer to the country, had a knowledge neither of New Guinea or its people, and not even the essential equipment could be spared him for the job. He had no map of the area and a radio was a luxury he dreamed of.

This is a plainly written tale that needs no emphasis to bring out the angers, hardship and drama of the patrol. There is a freshness and truth about it so that one is left with the feeling that the author wrote it as

the events happened—his are the first vivid impressions of a stranger to the land and all the more accurate because time has not dulled the memory.

Like most men who saw front line service there is little bitterness in Ryan—but there is much understanding. He mentions, but hardly complains, about the organization of Army headquarters that lacked the means (or perhaps the initiative) to even equip its forward posts with radio or arrange for their supply by air-drops—but there is more pity in him than anger.

The natives had seen the seemingly all-powerful white man topple badly when the Japanese invaded New Guinea; it was hard to believe that the whites would ever return, and so some, either through choice or compulsion, were willing to obey their new rulers. Instant execution was the Japanese way with natives who would not co-operate, and so the few Australians who worked behind the enemy lines were in constant danger of betrayal.

But the threat of torture and death did not deter the majority from assisting our men and the instances of treachery remained comparatively few. The villagers who carried for Ryan and the Australian troops risked everything, and the highest praise is their due. That is about all they did get, for at the end of the war a grateful government decreed that all carriers were 'civilians' thereby debarring them from either gratuities or war medals.

Ryan rightfully makes no bones about the part some white missionaries played; it is a fact that a few members of one mission were actively sympathetic to the Nazis and their allies. At the same time it has to be remembered that other members of the same mission remained staunch to Australia and some of them died at the enemy's hands.

The author depicts the background of fear that shadowed him constantly

and in this he writes for all men who ever went in terror of their lives. The good Kari, Pato, Peter Ah Tuh and Les Howlett—lying dead at Chivasing—felt it, and so did all the rest.

This is more than a war book—its understanding and record must give it place in the written history of New Guinea.

J.K. McCarthy

CECIL HADGRAFT:

*Australian Literature*

Heinemann. London. 35s. od.

Cecil Hadgraft surveys the history of our writers and writing from Michael Massey Robinson, a transported convict who wrote the first recorded lines of Australian verse, to some of our contemporary poets, essayists and novelists. Between these limits, and in the space of nearly three hundred pages, is packed a quite impressive list of names, dates, titles. The famous, the well-known, the obscure—all are scrupulously accorded their paragraph or two of synopsis and criticism. A few of the major figures receive fuller treatment. Brennan, for instance, rates seven pages; Richardson, six; Lawson, as a short story writer, four. These three, in Hadgraft's view, are our greatest poet, our greatest novelist, and our greatest short story writer, respectively. Such a judgment sufficiently suggests that *Australian Literature* is not a book calculated in any way to upset our established literary reputations. Equally, Hadgraft does not carry any special or eccentric brief for some previously undiscovered minor writer. Naturally, here and there one finds evaluations which may cause not too furious dissent—this, for example, on Miles Franklin: 'Her work has been overpraised. . . . She is not a major novelist; she survives as a personality and will be remembered for her first gauche and artless and vital book.' Or in this comment on Alec Hope

is the first epithet quite just: 'Hope is the sourest and most adept satirist we have.'

Such a book looks as if it should be a useful, even an indispensable addition to the library of anyone interested in Australian literature. Perhaps it is. Yet it is a curiously disappointing production, and, I think, for quite a clear reason. Surely at this point in our critical development, an Australian literary history should do either one of two things. On the one hand, it should provide a scholarly compendium, a complete reference work; or, on the other, it should present some arresting and definitive interpretations of individual authors and of their place in the general pattern of our culture. *Australian Literature* fulfils neither one of these functions. What I take to be the chief weakness of the book is that Hadgraft has, as it were, attempted either too little or too much. As a scholarly reference work it reveals some serious flaws and omissions. It is not, for instance, a complete account of Australian literary history. Hadgraft writes in his Preface: 'I have selected those who seem to me the most important and representative writers in poetry, fiction, and the essay up to 1955.' But there is no indication of the whole body of material from which the selection was made. The omission of a bibliography from a work of this kind seems to me a serious fault. The almost total absence of footnotes, too, is an unfortunate oversight (there are nine in the entire text). Further, one might have hoped for some comment on drama in Australia. Even granting the fact that until recently it has been the Cinderella sister of poetry and fiction, surely it deserved better than a slight glance at Douglas Stewart's verse plays and a passing reference to Lawler's *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*.

If *Australian Literature* is not really solid enough for a basic reference

work, it yet fails to cast any new illumination on the defining elements of Australian writing or to record my new insights into particular writers. This, again, is partly due to the method and scope of the book. It deals with far too many figures to allow of anything but the most generalized and conventional value judgments. For page after page we are treated to plot summary and potted criticism. In the section on the modern period (particularly in the pages dealing with the poets) there is, indeed, some attempt at detailed textual criticism. But far too often writers are represented by a couple of titles, a plot synopsis, and a word or two of praise or blame. One wonders if a useful account of any literature could possibly be constructed upon such a plan.

Hadgraft's treatment of his subject is not entirely without focus. One can detect, most strongly in the comments on the earlier writers, a sort of implied, if mild, nationalism—a view that equates literary virtue with distinct, conscious Australianess. Typical are the words which sum up the writing of the first period: 'It is worth noting, however, that the literature of the period does not much express Australian ideals. It concerns itself with things and events. It reflects little of the dawning and growing hostility to the corruption of the old world, of the dawning and growing faith (however much this as to be disappointed) that Australia could become The Promised Land. In a word, one might say that the literature of the period was behind its times. It looked at its past, often with hate and shame; at its present, often with satisfaction; but it did not much express the hope of the future.' He is also vaguely aware of certain standards of taste operating behind the generalized assessments—a taste which seems to approve refinement of sensibility, politeness of manner, competence of craftsmanship as much as anything else.

Finally, I feel I must enter an objection to a number of unfortunate mannerisms in Hadgraft's presentation of his material. The first is his passion for pigeon-holing. He has decided on a number of literary compartments—the saga-novel, the reflective poem, and so on—and every work he examines must be squeezed into one of them, sometimes to the detriment of both the work and the compartment. A second complaint concerns what is to me Hadgraft's extraordinarily irritating habit of incessant literary allusion and comparison. Every so often I can bear being told, for instance, that '*The Guardian* [a novel by an anonymous author] starts like the end of a Maria Edgeworth and ends like the start of an Ann Radcliffe', or that '*Settlers and Convicts* (1847) [is] an Australian equivalent of Defoe's *Plague Year* or *Robinson Crusoe* (p. 17)'. But when names are dropped with a frequency that offends both utility and taste, then one must enter a protest. A comment like this, on J.H. Nicholson's *Halek*, seems hardly justifiable: 'This might with no alteration at all have come from *Rasselas*. And the occasional interpolated tale and fable irresistibly remind us of the *Arabian Nights* and the story of the barber's third brother. The movement from one land to another is like Butler's *Erewhon* (p. 91).' Third, and last, a literary history does not seem to me the proper place for the introduction of what, under the circumstances, must almost inevitably prove to be half-baked theorizing. For example, Hadgraft uses a discussion of Hope's poetry as the occasion for introducing the subject of sex in literature—a problem which he dismisses in a single paragraph, finishing with the remark, 'So much for theory'. Unfortunately, it isn't. Particularly towards the end of the book, remarks like this abound: 'All characterization has some element of caricature because art is selective. It is the process of selection itself.

that is untrue to the reality of life but true to the reality of art'; or, 'Probably Tennant has tried to do too much, has not omitted enough. A novel is not life. . . . Anybody who is going to read a history of Australian literature almost certainly does not need to be told such things; anybody who needs to be told such things almost certainly is not going to read a history of Australian literature.

Errors of judgment of this kind seem to me particularly unfortunate in this case. For they are liable to prejudice the reader against a book which is obviously the result of a great deal of work, and which, in spite of certain shortcomings, could prove a useful *vade mecum* in its field.

H.P. Heseltine

R. L. BRUCKBERGER:  
*Image of America*  
Longmans. London. 31s. od.

In the early twelve hundreds, when Dominic Guzman was shaping his religious order, the Church was troubled *inter alia* by body-hating Albigenses, worldly clergy, and philosophical materialism at Paris. Dominic's men lived under an austere rule. Dedicated intellectuals, their business was the preservation of orthodoxy.

From the thirteenth century to the offices of Time Inc. is a long step. It takes a wrench of the imagination to picture St Dominic's disciple, Frenchman Father Bruckberger, a former Resistance leader, on pilgrimage to the home of the free.

Père Bruckberger has no preaching about mass culture, admen, payola, materialism, dollar vulgarity, divorce, Hollywood or sex. St Dominic might not be too happy with his twentieth-century son about this, but the Americans love him.

Yet it would be wrong to dismiss Bruckberger altogether as an uncritical admirer. Primarily his book is a political-social analysis, a reflective and often very wise book.

In a sense it is a study of good revolutions and bad. The revolutions he does not like are the *tabula rasa* kind. Just as with Descartes in philosophy, these want to start with a clean sweep of the old before building anew. They have a Utopian and an all-or-nothing character. Terror is their instrument, their inevitable consequence political enslavement.

South America, as Jefferson predicted it would, has specialized in them. But the perfect exemplar is to be found in Europe, in the French Revolution. No better instance could be given of Utopianism, of wholesale slaughter in the name of abstract political ideals, of terror to subjugate men to a system.

Saint-Just, Archangel of the Terror, political Puritan, was its incomparable theoretician. He paved the way for Marx, Lenin, Hitler, Stalin. 'It was inside a shapely French head,' writes Bruckberger, 'bearded and powdered, that the perfect modern totalitarian monster was conceived. Henceforth it was no longer to be a question of understanding, respecting, and serving nature and man, but rather of transforming nature, human nature included, and making it conform, if necessary by force, to a Utopia. . . . (The) ideal of the first Jacobin Republic . . . was to take over all operations, all interests, all rights, and all obligations; we know it in its final form, we have seen it with our own eyes. It is the concentration-camp society with its crematory ovens which burn men alive . . . to complete an experiment.'

The American Revolution was different. Bruckberger finds an analogy between it and the change from Old to New Testament. This involved change and yet essential continuity; model for all true revolutions, it contained three elements: fulfilment of an ancient and latent desire, sloughing off of old forms, inauguration of a new order and a new hope: thus a Christian would see it.

There was an initial Utopian drive

in America. This came from the New England Puritans who, disillusioned with the Babylon that was Europe, set out with elementary, simple heroism to hew a new life out of the virgin lands. With mystical fervour these political and social radicals were conducting a new experiment.

Embedded in the Covenanters' system, for all their narrowness, was a principle of political freedom which was part of the English heritage, though it was running into heavy weather in England. Obedience was due to God rather than to men. Divine right belonged neither to king nor parliament. If in the political order the community could make laws, this was because as a society of free men they enjoyed God-given sovereignty. But individual members had their say in making the laws. And no one, no law, no human society could alienate their status as free men before God.

When Locke developed his theory of the natural law, the Puritans were to quote him from their pulpits as readily and reverently as they quoted the Bible. Bruckberger comments: 'What Marx would one day be for Lenin, Locke was for the Puritans.... (But there) is an enormous difference.... *Das Kapital* is a prerequisite of any Marxist revolution. The whole point of a Marxist revolution is to organize the kind of society Marx prescribed. Locke's work, on the contrary, was chosen by the American English as the bankbook of their revolution only because it happened to fit their own political ideas and because it could be used to support their cause.'

There were other issues, economic and constitutional, at stake in the Revolution, but underneath lay this political debate. For nearly two hundred years the American English had fostered a society in which the order of precedence was 'God, the people, government, with government responsible to the people and the people subject to the laws they made

and government protecting those laws'. At the decisive moment when explicit recognition of that order was demanded, the English English were unfaithful to their own heritage, which they had bequeathed to the American English, and opted instead for mercantilist exploitation. Almost reluctantly, the Americans separated from their fellow English. On the Fourth of July, 1776, their principles were enshrined in the Declaration of Independence.

In the second part of his book, Bruckberger studies America's solution to social problems caused by the Industrial Revolution. He finds three men played a decisive role: economist Carey, industrialist Ford, labour leader Gompers.

Amazed that Americans have not heard of him, he devotes inordinate space to Henry Charles Carey (1793-1879). Marx called him 'the only American economist of importance'.

Admitting grave flaws in his work, Bruckberger says: 'it is in his intuitions, and in them alone, that his greatness lay'. His main contribution was a frontal attack on the classical economists, on whose analyses Marx rested his case. He attacked their assumption that—in Adam Smith's formulation—'the great object of the political economy of every country is to increase the riches and power of that country'. Rubbish, said Carey the true Jeffersonian. Political economy must serve *man*; it must be subordinated to his human aspirations and his human ends. Next he attacked the 'iron law' of wages and the Marxist postulate of antagonistic classes. He attempted to demonstrate, says Marx, 'that economic conditions are conditions of cooperation and harmony rather than conditions of struggle and antagonism'. Marx ridiculed him for this. Bruckberger adds: 'For the past hundred years, Marxists have been trying to convince us that America is on the decline', but history has favoured Carey.

Henry Ford (1863-1947) is the second of Bruckberger's three heroes. Ford's first innovation lay in the development of mass production methods. His industrial techniques have become an essential feature of technological society. Bruckberger says: they have 'probably done more to consolidate the Soviet regime than Marx's absurd philosophy'.

But he was even more a revolutionary in that in defiance of the tenets of orthodox capitalism he lowered prices and raised wages, thereby putting workers in the customer class and creating a national market in the process: 'At the meeting on January 1, 1914 . . . the Board of Directors reached a spectacular decision. . . . Up to that time, top industrial wages had never gone above \$2.50 for a nine-hour day. . . . A few days later the company officially announced the eight-hour, five-dollar day (which) not only undermined the whole capitalist structure but cut away the ground from under Marxist revolution. . . . Ford . . . took the worker out of the "wage-earning proletariat" to which Ricardo and Marx had relegated him.'

The lawsuit brought by his shareholders, the Dodge brothers, is done in a masterly chapter. Grateful for the 'lovely dividends' they had been collecting, the Dodges fought Henry's decision to reduce them. He, committing blasphemy in the capitalist temple, called them 'awful profits'. The judge found against him. He held against Ford on the ground that a business was run for profit, not, as he contended, to serve the public. Bruckberger feels confident that if there were to be a retrial today, the verdict would be reversed. Optimistic? Or naïve?

The third member of the triumvirate is Samuel Gompers (1850-1924), who was described by George Meany as 'the leading figure of the industrial revolution in America'. Like Ford, Gompers was more interested in facts than theories. Having

had to leave school in London when he was ten, and having known hunger, he got one fact clear: workers were oppressed by capitalists. His whole life was spent strengthening them against that oppression. The older he grew the greater became his distrust of theorists in general and his aversion from socialists in particular. He was convinced that real benefits won over the bargaining table were the things that mattered: better wages, better conditions, security. Above all he fought to have labour removed from the category of 'commodity':

'When the courts put human labour and commodities in the same category, they laid the foundation for serious injustice.'

Bruckberger contrasts this Burkean trade-unionist with Lenin: 'Gompers was to Lenin exactly what Jefferson was to Saint-Just: flesh-and-blood defending itself against Utopia.' Gompers abhorred violence; in his view 'each brutality evokes a still greater brutality, men lose their judgment, fall prey to demagogues, and cease to be masters of their destiny'. Lenin on the other hand was 'another Saint-Just . . . another carefree and lighthearted venturer into the dialectics of all-or-nothing'.

Carey, Ford, Gompers: these three represent America's developing solution to the problem of the Industrial Revolution. The emerging social structure should not be termed either capitalist or socialist. In its development, the Americans have been faithful to the spirit of their original Revolution, just as then they were faithful to their English natural law heritage. Their guiding star through it all has been a care for the dignity, the rights, the liberty, the individual worth of the human person. They have not proposed this in a doctrinaire fashion; they are not Utopians. Nor is their record clean, for they have often faltered. But they have felt their way, pragmatically, slowly—and they have succeeded.

This is Bruckberger's thesis. They have succeeded, he says, in a way that no one else has. That is why he proposes this Image of America as a hope for man's future.

He wants the emphasis to fall on their real achievements. After that, one is in a position to see what remains to be done. 'It is undeniable', he writes, 'that the vast and complex machinery of industry is a threat to individual liberty. . . . (It) is at least most difficult to remain faithful to the spirit, or even to the letter, of the Declaration of Independence in a society dominated by mass production and mass distribution, where the individual runs the continual risk of being submerged in a conformity all the more tyrannical because it is unconscious. . . . Jefferson . . . had instinctively foreseen what was to become the key problem of the modern world—the problem of how the individual . . . can free himself from the tyranny of society itself.'

But even if Bruckberger's whole thesis be granted, still one problem remains. The very principles he postulates as basic to American society are in the long run essentially religious, and they were developed, as American historians agree, in a religious context. What happens to this America which he proposes as the hope of the future if the religious basis is lost?

The drying winds of secularism have been blowing for a long time now and, to borrow the words of another observer: 'the decay of definite religious commitments is so far advanced that traditional moral values have an ever-diminishing influence on the course of public policy'. Unless 'the current massive pulverization of solid religious and moral convictions' is halted, we may yet see a United States no less hostile to individual human dignity than Soviet Russia.

In a Conclusion to the United States edition, Bruckberger writes *A*

*Letter to Americans*. He upbraids them for being poor propagandists. The rest of the world knows them only in caricature. Communists depict them as decadent capitalists capable of any crime to maintain their material supremacy, the only people in the world to drop atom bombs on open cities—on coloured people. Soviet Russia has succeeded 'in identifying Communism in the minds of the poor and underprivileged with an industrial progress available to the most backward peoples and with immediate victory over poverty', though in fact the industrial processes making it possible come not from Communism but from the West, and in particular from America.

Above all an immense intellectual effort is needed to show the world that the ideology of the Declaration of Independence is far worthier than the ideology of that other document from the West, the Communist Manifesto:

'Americans, return to the first seed you sowed, to that glorious Declaration of Independence in which, for the first time, the rights of man—I mean the rights of every man, rich or poor, white, yellow or black—were explicitly defined and defended on the field of battle. . . . You, Americans, have been too ready to look upon the Declaration of Independence as a document designed for yourselves alone and not for other nations. How fatal an error. . . .'

Gregory Meere

DESMOND KING-HELE:

*Shelley: His Thought and Work*

Macmillan. London. 62s. od.

Shelley has been out of favour for some time in the dominant schools of criticism. T.S. Eliot thought him rather a cad, and after misquoting him sought to convict him of muddled thinking. F.R. Leavis, as Desmond King-Hele shows, was also guilty of mistakes in interpreting the texts he has criticized. In general, the present

writer says: 'There are exponents of close criticism, who like to maul his soft-centred lyrics but damage their teeth on the harder ones.' The received view is that Shelley's poetry is an ethereal fuzz lacking real structure and content, of more interest perhaps to psycho-analysis than to serious literary criticism.

Yet Shelley cast a spell upon some of the best poets who succeeded him up to and including Yeats, and also several generations of humanitarian radicals up to and including John Curtin. Mary Shelley wrote of his *Prometheus Unbound*: 'It required a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own to understand the mystic meanings scattered through the poem. They elude the reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague.' Surely a fair warning from a competent authority not to dismiss what he wrote as gaseous exhalations even if we are not sympathetic to his ideas or attuned to his modes of expression.

King-Hele is a mathematician working on guided missiles and earth satellites at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough. He is also capable of literary scholarship of a professional order, as he shows in this book. Sir Charles Snow should approve of this dweller in the two cultures. King-Hele's scientific knowledge makes him a useful interpreter of some of the obscurities in Shelley which arise from Shelley's own keen scientific interests. Perhaps only Dante, since Lucretius, had the same capacity to turn the science of his day into poetry. Thus the Car of the Hour in *Prometheus Unbound* is electric-powered on a then current hypothesis that atmospheric electricity was drawn up from the earth by the morning sun. The passage beginning:

*My coursers are fed with the lightning,  
They drink of the whirlwind's  
stream,  
And when the red morning is bright'ning  
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam . . .*

is translated thus by King-Hele: 'My power unit operates by taking energy from electricity in the atmosphere. At dawn, when this electricity is sucked out by the sun, my air intake sweeps up the ions and stores the energy. This stored energy, together with more picked up as we travel, enables us to cover hundreds of thousands of miles during the morning. . . .' King-Hele comments: 'behind the obscurity in *Prometheus Unbound* there usually lies not a riot of verbiage but an esoteric idea formulated in precise detail, and on this occasion an idea which may prove practical in space travel.' Shelley had intuitions of the modern kinetic theory of gases, of electromagnetic theory, and of many possible applications of physical and chemical developments barely in their infancy.

King-Hele also forces a revision of the quality of Shelley's political thought, which is usually judged by *Queen Mab*, written at the age of twenty. His later and somewhat maturer political views are contained in writings that have not been so accessible and have not been given due weight. Certainly he retained the basic premise of the natural perfectibility of man and followed it out to remote speculative consequences. But in his prose writings the political reform programme he recommended was to a large extent what in fact happened in England: non-violent advance by gradual steps, never taken so far at any one stage as to precipitate excessive reaction.

The most daring and extraordinary of Shelley's work is in Part IV of *Prometheus Unbound*, which is a choric celebration of the transformation of the cosmos by love. How little there is to set beside it since the psalms of cosmic praise in Hebrew literature! Christian poetry has not risen as it might to the celebration of this eschatological theme of the restored and transfigured cosmos at the end of time (for Shelley, too, the final realm is virtually one of timelessness). This

partly Christian, partly neoplatonic, vision that bursts forth from the nineteenth-century poet—this New Song of the creatures no longer groaning for deliverance but communing in joy with the Spirit—is an astonishing achievement.

James McAuley

THE AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE  
OF POLITICAL SCIENCE:  
*Trade Unions in Australia*

Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 25s. od.

The Twenty-fifth Summer School of the Australian Institute of Political Science was not the most successful conducted by the Institute. The principle reason for this was the offended reaction of Australian union spokesmen, except Dr Lloyd Ross, to a seminar on that sacred cow, trade unionism.

We find that mature unionist, Mr J.D. Kenny, MLC, saying: 'I am sure all of us who represent the trade union movement take no offence at the fact that the Australian Institute of Political Science has decided on the trade union movement as a subject for discussion, but I agree with Mr Monk that it would have been appropriate to have at the same time debated the machinations of those responsible for organizing cartels and monopolies.' Why appropriate? Do union officials not indulge in machinations when organizing union monopolies?

Again, there was little discussion of the fundamental 'why' of trade unionism, too much elaboration of the 'how'. Mr Albert Monk threw in the issue of the role of trade unionism in capitalist as opposed to socialist countries. It was left untouched.

The strike weapon was discussed superficially. Because of this, it was possible for Mr Wootten to speculate on the reasonableness of an action for civil conspiracy. There is an accepted impunity for sending a boycotted company bankrupt but mealy-mouthed concern at the damage

caused by withdrawal of labour in concert. If there had been a thorough assessment of the 'right to strike', it could not have been put forward by Mr Wootten without elaboration that: 'Essentially political strikes, designed to impose a particular policy on the Government, or to challenge its right to govern in some other way, or to disrupt the economy, cannot be tolerated.' His example probably led him so incautiously to this view—the 1949 Coal Strike. But what of the steelworkers of Csepel? Surely it is possible for individuals to use any organization to hand to bring pressure on a government which is acting without regard for fundamental rights? With the growth of remote, bureaucratic control in democracies the only effective protest between elections may involve an organized display of strength. It is obvious that the strike must bring pressure to bear where it is effective. It is rather pointless striking against private mine owners as a protest against low age pensions.

It is apparent from the papers and discussions that Australian trade unionism suffers from having low membership fees, overworked officials, inadequate research and publicity. Its traditional pragmatism ('My programme? Ten bob a day!') is retained without question. It is obvious that the union membership, if not the officials, the public, and the Arbitration Commission have to be educated by the trade unions, as David McDonald of the United Steelworkers of America implied, to see that (a) productivity increases justify wage rises without subsequent price rises being necessary, and (b) high real wages stimulate the economy. Further, as Lord Citrine implied, the membership have to be educated to appreciate that without parallel increases in productivity wage rises are nominal only.

From discussion at the School it seems that the changing character of the work force has found Australian

trade unionism unprepared. Whereas the AFL-CIO and TUC have reached out for the rising white-collar group, the ACTU has left the mobilization of this group to mushroom white-collar organizations. This is not just a question of body-snatching but of industrial strategy with white-collar employees obtaining the real benefits of arbitration activity carried on by the ACTU. For instance, the 1954 Metal Trades Margins Case gained nothing for a large proportion of the semiskilled and unskilled workers and the 1959 Case gave about 6s. to 8s. as against several pounds for white-collar employees from both decisions.

Australian trade unionism does not seem to be looking beyond employers to improve the lot of the working class. While basic wage and margins increases are advanced and accepted as justifying price increases, the average wage-earner does not reap a benefit from wage increases which would compare with what he would get from increased social services, which would have only a delayed action on prices. Increased sickness and unemployment benefits, child endowment and age pensions would be of much greater value for the ACTU-affiliated unions to pursue than basic wage and margins rises which are applied generally and virtually inevitably to the man on £800 a year with a family and the man on £1600 who is a bachelor, and are followed by price rises which press more heavily on the former. The most recent major social services variations have been payment for first children and the improving of the Means Test for pensions, neither of which favour the working-class.

In a colourful, sophisticated survey, Lloyd Ross justified the past link between traditional trade unions and the Labor Party, particularly by pointing to the collaboration between the two when in crises the Labor Party formed the Government. The

success in co-operation between these unions and non-Labor governments shows further that the political link is not a fundamental embarrassment. Mr Peter Howson, MP, and Sir Garfield Barwick, in arguing for the abandonment of this link, seem to be guilty of special pleading. It is increasingly becoming unreal to quote American unionism as not having such a political link. It would have been valuable however if discussion had developed on the right of individual unionists to contract out of an obligation to support political funds or in some other way preserve independence in the matter.

Mr J.H. Wootten gave a thoughtful and generally sympathetic paper on the significance of the Rule of Law in the trade union field. Discussion of his paper at times was particularly immature or hysterical. For instance, Dr Derek van Abbé said: 'We will not get anywhere near industrial harmony . . . while we consider trade unions and their works purely in terms of malefactions and indeed of crimes.'

Dr D.W. Rawson's contribution, as Mr J.S. Baker, a Communist white-collar official, said, was: 'a surface paper and it does not deal with the full implications of the subject'. At times, Dr Rawson was naïve, e.g. when he suggested to an expert audience that figures showed that one should not assume that industrial unrest can be cured simply by disposing of the Communists. He seems to have considered that they were misled by the expressions 'militant' and 'moderate'.

R.J.O'Dea

C. D. ROWLEY:

*The Lotus and the Dynamo*

Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 90s. od.

For the most part, travel books fall into two categories: those that take you with them and those that bring you back a report. *The Lotus and the Dynamo* belongs to the second cate-

gory, being a record of a journey which the author made for UNESCO in 1955, through South-East Asia; an account of his travels and observations, the people he met, the things he saw. The main part of the book is concerned with his experiences in Thailand, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam, which are described in some detail, but these chapters are preceded by an introductory section in which he discusses the whole area of the journey (which included Indonesia and the Philippines), the traditional life and background of the people, the changes that have come and their future place in the world.

Though his text is embellished with the familiar vocabulary of International Experts—village levels, cultural tensions, behaviour patterns, cottage industries, etc.—Mr Rowley is not a glib or superficial observer, and unlike some experts he went out of his way to visit villages and rural areas, philosophically accepting the discomforts entailed and responding sympathetically to the villagers, admiring their serenity and resignation, their sense of values so unlike ours. His attitude is always sincere, tolerant and humane, and more than once his open-mindedness causes him to wonder if the material benefits 'we' are bringing to these people are a real substitute for the traditional way of life that is changing and vanishing from so many places; and in the same way he writes with understanding and respect of the religious life of these countries and the influence it has had on the peoples' outlook and behaviour.

The book is full of information about customs, politics, education, health, agriculture, people and places, faithfully and conscientiously described, though at times the author's discretion is rather frustrating to the reader. One assumes that his reluctance to criticize or condemn comes from consideration for generous hosts, and this being so perhaps it might have been better to omit all references

to controversial subjects rather than rouse interest and curiosity by hinting at 'horrifying glimpses' if they are not to be described more fully; but the book is interesting and instructive (and at the present moment very timely, in view of the renewed outbreak of trouble in Vietnam), for its picture of the four countries at this critical time in their history, as they change from colonialism to self-government and their traditional life—the Lotus—comes face to face with the Dynamo of Western materialism.

As a travel book it is disappointing. For all their festering sores, their increasing changes, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam are still magical places, and though the writer recognizes this quality in them he does not convey it to us. Magic is what the book lacks; its place has been taken by facts. The reader is asked to concentrate upon community development and compost pits in places where golden temples glitter against the sky and mists swirl up from the valley, blotting out the mountain town; where the metal tongues of bells bound in the wind and kings go at the full moon of the twelfth month to meditate in holy places. The result is rather like listening to an educational lecture in a closed room where the windows give ravishing glimpses of a wonderful world outside.

Nancy Phelan

BYRNES AND VALLIS (Editors) :  
*The Queensland Centenary Anthology*  
Longmans. Melbourne. 30s. od.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN FELLOWSHIP  
OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS :  
*Southern Festival*  
Rigby. Adelaide. 25s. od.

Comparison, though tedious at times, can be very useful, especially to a reviewer faced with fair sized anthologies from two rival states.

In substance and style there are important resemblances between

these books bespeaking a certain homogeneity between all states which visitors to Australia have not failed to comment on. The prose of both is on the whole far more effective than the verse, and could hold up its head in almost any company. With much of the verse, value judgments have seemingly been secondary consideration. The Queensland volume had to be representative of a hundred years' work, while in both volumes the more recent poems suffer from the anarchy of three decades.

In each anthology the prose of short stories and articles is notably direct, vivid, attention-holding, realistic. Even reportage rises above itself. 'The Loss of the "Sovereign"' taken from the *Moreton Bay Courier* of 17 March 1847, with its starkly tragic ending could be high fiction. So could the war descriptions of Eric Feldt, Roy Bulcock and Rohan Rivett (from his *Behind Bamboo*). The last two are movingly pathetic. Almost a short story too is Farwell's 'As Shadows They Passed', which treats of the Afghans and their camels and the contributions they made to South Australia's development; and whether H.A. Lindsay's admirable 'Possum Hut' is fiction or narration of fact remains undeterminable.

Outstanding in the South Australian volume, as indubitably short stories, are Thiele's enjoyable 'Dad Sank a Well' (a sustained piece of rustic humour) and Dutton's 'Nickolai' which is fine but precluded from greatness by an unsatisfactory ending. Nickolai is a character having depth of dimension which is precisely what so many of the characters in these short stories lack, being too factual. He calls for a more imaginative development and a fuller life. Guy Saunders's story of the navy 'Wait Till You Get to Sea' is attractive and workmanlike above the average.

In the Queensland book, 'Jellicoe' by the well-known spinner of sea yarns, R.S. Porteous, matches Saunders. And against Thiele and his

humour, Queensland can put his exemplar, Steele Rudd, that classic 'tall' story of Skuthorpe 'The Champion Bullock Driver', Llewellyn Lucas's 'Goin' Agen Nacher', and Bedford's 'Broke and Happy'. Above average are Farenc's macabre 'The Last of Six', Palmer's somewhat sordid 'Josie' and Batham's a trifle sentimental 'Old Cobbers'.

But no character so memorable as Nickolai emerges from the northern throng.

Hard to balance are Max Harris's engaging 'Biographer of a No Hoper' and the glowing prose of H.H. Finlayson on one side, and in the Queensland volume M.J. Unwin's 'Tiger of the Sea', an incident taken from his *Booran*, a novel about the aborigines remarkably well-written in eighteenth-century prose. (The 'time' of it was 1807.)

In the verse, a noteworthy resemblance is a certain intense accuracy of observation which tends in the weaker pieces to function for poetry itself. Admirably from Hudson's 'Mallee in October' we get:

*Webs with globes of dew alight  
budgerigars on their first flight  
tottery lambs and a stiltly foal  
a papery slough that a snake shed whole  
and a bronzewing's nest of twigs so few  
that both the sky and the eggs show  
through.*

For Queensland, Grano gives us:  
*A wren with a tail perking up like a match  
stick,  
a cute fellow this with his patch of flash  
scarlet  
And family to forage.*

Impressive on the South Australian side is Strehlow's 'Western Aranda Rain Song'. The lyrics of Ian Mudie and Rex Ingamells rise above average as do the war pieces of John Quinn. If Nancy Cato does not appear to be represented at best, the same is true of Queenslanders Bayldon, Baylebridge and Devaney. The excellencies here lie with Brunton Stephens's 'Dominion of Australia'

(written in 1877 and remaining surely Australia's best political poem ever), Mary Foott's 'Where the Pelican Builds', and Judith Wright's 'Cicadas'. In neither book is much balladry, and one wonders why Ogilvie in this respect (and with his 'From the Gulf' available as well) failed to be selected for the Queensland team.

If in the sum Queensland would seem to have the advantage in verse, it is but fair to remember again that a century of work was drawn from, even if from 1890 on a sort of decade-by-decade view of development is provided, which (of course) does not invariably make for high merit.

In historical writing against Grenfell Price's essay 'Of Hindmarsh' and Pike's 'The Australian Fair', Queensland can set ampler work—that of M.H. Ellis, F.W. Robinson, Tom Petrie and Gordon Greenwood whose 'Lahore Letter' contains at least one classic sentence: 'A nation with hope in its heart does not easily go down to destruction.'

Most apparent difference of all is the fact that against Professor Thomson's fine appreciation of *Such is Life*, Cecil Hadgraft's of Norman Lindsay's four novels of youth, and Colin Roderick's picture of Mrs Praed on Curtis Island, the South Australian anthology has no literary-critical essays to set. Nor does it treat of drama where Queensland can show Eunice Hanger's essay upon 'Forebears of *The Doll*', and extracts from plays of George Dann and Dulcie Ladds.

Signally missing from both books is the essay, pure and simple, in the form which not so long ago took all life as its province—philosophy, history, literature, art, science—and which was then considered almost the highest point attainable to prose. Nearest thing to it in theme is J.P. McKinney's 'The Functions of Art'.

If the comparison between these anthologies was more unfair even than odious (a few years against a

## "The Observer" & McCarthyism

"Reading about these two scoundrels I couldn't help thinking how very much more the ordinary anti-American fanatic of 1960 would prefer Goebbels to McCarthy. Goebbels was just a jumped-up little agitator, of course: but he was so very European, so charming, full of bits of learning, a modest drinker, a keen music-lover. A bit of a cad with women, perhaps, but a lover of great Continental finesse. Whereas Joe McCarthy delighted in appearing an unshaven bum, hated all intellectuals, drank wildly, belched in front of the television cameras, and pawed women with the anxious aggressiveness of latent hostility. Yet it was the polished, charming Goebbels who delighted in total war and genocide, while McCarthy . . . While McCarthy did what? He certainly didn't kill anybody . . . By his cynicism and meaninglessness he disjointed the processes of government and disrupted security measures so that they were concerned with avoiding McCarthy's censure (which was impossible because it was unpredictable) rather than detecting subversion. He stalled activity at Fort Monmouth, an important research laboratory; he reduced the Voice of America to inanity; he wrecked the State Department's morale; he set up his own spy system in the Government; he turned the moral problems of the Cold War into a Keystone Cops farce; he fostered anti-Americanism among America's allies.

And when it was all over and he died and they buried him . . . what? The only final legacy of McCarthy is that it has become more difficult to be seriously anti-Communist."

(From a book review in *The Observer* May 28, 1960.)

century), in conclusion I shall make some amends by pointing out that in verse the South Australian John Bray, with his witty and satiric ballad based upon 'Sir Patrick Spens' is unique, and more importantly (since the prose of both volumes constitutes their real contribution to Australian literature) that the very beautiful passage which closes Finlayson's notable account of the Musgrave Ranges is unrivalled.

Martin Haley

THOMAS THORNTON REED:

*Henry Kendall*

Rigby, Adelaide, 9s. 6d.

This booklet written by the Anglican Bishop of Adelaide is an outstanding contribution to appreciation of Kendall as man and poet. Here and there one might dissent from particular judgments, e.g. on 'Rose Lorraine', in which he finds 'the sustained loveliness of the most beautiful love lyric ever written by an Australian'. Sustained is just what it is not—in every stanza there is some let-down, some failure to sustain the required mood and tone, at least to one reader's mind. Nevertheless, this monograph (with its useful bibliography and two reproductions of Kendall's MS) is a worthy companion to the excellent introduction written by T. Inglis Moore to the *Selected Poems* published by Angus & Robertson in 1957. Kendall deliberately set out to establish an Australian poetry and to achieve for himself poetic fame. Bishop Reed rightly says, 'He succeeded in both of these aims', even if critical opinion in the last thirty years has largely turned against him. Certainly there are serious faults and weaknesses belonging to his temperament as well as his period that no one would want to reproduce. Yet the day could come when the fine singing tone which Kendall had, however uncertainly, may seem to some Australian poet a thing which ought not to have been lost, and a new transmuted use may be made of

certain phrasings and rhythms that lie scattered like hints through Kendall's work.

EZEKIEL MPHABELE:

*Down Second Avenue*

Faber & Faber, London, 22s. 6d.

If anyone wants to get some insight into what it means for a sensitive and intelligent African to be born and brought up under the present master-race regime in South Africa he should read this straightforward autobiography. Mphahlele spent his early childhood in the country, and at the age of twelve was removed to the Marabastad slum in Pretoria. He became a teacher, but political agitation against the Report of the Commission on Bantu Education, which was the forerunner of later apartheid measures in education, resulted in his being barred from employment as a teacher. Eventually he got a job on the monthly magazine *Drum* edited by Anthony Sampson, who wrote a lively book about his experiences. But the urge to escape from South Africa and to engage in serious writing became overpowering. He was offered a teaching post in Nigeria in 1957, and, after having his request for a passport at first refused because of his political record, managed finally to get out.

There are some shocking incidents in the book, for example the murder of a white policeman by his girl friend's father. The policeman, looking for illegal liquor, entered the house at night where the girl and her father were sleeping. He referred insultingly to the girl on the assumption that she was the father's concubine, and the father stabbed him with a bread knife. At the trial his sole defence was: 'I killed him, he insulted me and everyone who carries my blood in their veins.' But of course he went to the gallows.

Yet the most telling parts of the book are the more trivial matters which build up a picture of daily

life. Mphahlele writes well, keeping his eye on the external world and discussing his own thoughts and feelings only to the extent necessary to complete the meaning of the story.

## TWO PERIODICALS

BRUCE MANSFIELD (editor) :  
*The Journal of Religious History*  
*Department of History, Sydney University.*  
£1.1s. p.a.

A. NORMAN JEFFARES (editor) :  
*A Review of English Literature*  
*Longmans, London. 15s. p.a.*

It is a sign of the broadening and deepening of cultural studies in Australia that there is a sufficient group of scholars interested in religious history, both Australian and general, to promote a journal of merit. The three articles in this issue are by E.A. Judge ('The Early Christians as a Scholastic Community'), G.Yule

('Theological Developments in Elizabethan Puritanism') and T.Suttor ('The Criticism of Religious Certitude in Australia, 1875-1900'). Reviews form a useful and important part of the journal.

The new venture in the literary field edited by Professor Jeffares, formerly of Adelaide, now at Leeds, has made a good start. The journal is for the interested general reader as well as for the specialist, so that the articles are short and avoid the 'current tricks of critical technique' which may give 'a pseudo-scientific air to over-specialized criticism'. Among articles in the first issue (January, 1960) are: C.S.Lewis's very sensible discussion of metre, a thought-provoking new look at Dryden by F.T.Prince, and J.M.Cohen's discussion of modern translations of the classics. The second issue is devoted to an examination of contemporary English novelists.

## HAS CHINA GOT THE BOMB?

*By mid 1959 "militarily the Chinese were still dependent on a Soviet nuclear deterrent and it was as yet far from clear to what extent Moscow would use this deterrent to forward China's political objective . . . (The) discrepancy between China's political objectives and her military means must have awakened the leadership to the harmful effects of the division within the Chinese military."*

Alice Langley Hsieh analyses the impact of concepts of nuclear warfare upon China's top military leadership in the April-June issue of THE CHINA QUARTERLY. This first Western journal to specialise in studies of contemporary China is designed to provide scholars and the interested public with comment, documentation and debate covering the whole range of 'the China problem'.

Issue one featured an appraisal of the Communist regime's first decade by leading experts including H. L. Boorman, C. P. Fitzgerald, G. F. Hudson, Choh-ming Li and Guy Wint. In the second issue, Benjamin Schwartz replies to Karl Wittfogel's challenge to his 'Maoist' theory.

Other contributors include H. F. Schurmann and Hugh Howse.

Subscriptions at £1 (\$3) per year or 10s. (\$2) student rate.

### THE CHINA QUARTERLY

1-2 Langham Place, London W.1, England

## NEW CONTRIBUTORS

VINCENT BUCKLEY's discussion of the question of religious schools in Australia is matched by the opposing views of J. L. MACKIE, who is Professor of Philosophy in Sydney University. The two papers were written without reference one to the other.

ELWYN LYNN is a well-known Sydney painter.

J. R. KERR, Q.C., in his article on the legal issues involved in the anti-Communist struggles in the trade unions gives an authoritative account of an aspect which has not been widely understood.

ANGUS MAUDE was a Conservative MP in England before coming to Australia to edit *The Sydney Morning Herald*, and his analysis of political waffle is necessarily based on his experience in the House of Commons, since the art is quite unknown in Australia.

BERNARD YOH fought against the Japanese in Central China as a guerrilla leader. Subsequently he has specialized in the study of Communist methods of political and psychological warfare. He visited Australia briefly this year.

ARNOLD S. KAUFMAN teaches philosophy in the University of Michigan.

LESLIE BODI comes from Hungary and is now teaching German at the Newcastle University College.

## PRUNING FRUITS AND VINES IN AUSTRALIA

by *Charles W. Smith*

An essential book for the home gardener, it gives clearly and without technicalities a simple method of pruning all fruits, whether tree, bush or vine; and includes chapters on thinning and spraying.

A State horticultural officer said of this book: "The methods are sound . . . ; illustrations are excellent and clearly show the meanings of terms used. This book should be read by all fruitgrowers."

212 pages, 75 diagrams.

Price 10/6 (postage 10d.)

**ROBERTSON & MULLENS LTD.**

107-113 Elizabeth St., Melbourne

QUADRANT is published at 2 Albert Street Sydney, by H.R. Krygier on behalf of the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom. Statements made editorially or by contributors are not to be attributed to the Association.

